

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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THE  
FESTIVAL OF WIT;

OR,

SMALL TALKER.

Being a Collection of  
BON MOTS, ANECDOTES, REPARTEES,  
EPIGRAMS,

And other Flights of Wit and Humour,

BY

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS

IN THE

FASHIONABLE CIRCLES.

Collected and Published from the Manuscript  
OF GEORGE K——,

Summer Resident at WINDSOR:

By the EDITOR of the FIRST VOLUME.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HON.  
*LORD THURLOW,*  
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR  
OF  
*ENGLAND.*

MY LORD,

**F**EW exalted characters have been more praised for conviviality than your Lordship: "Wit, women, and wine," should have been your motto, as your old bottle companion, Rigby, very happily observed. You will find the following collection, my Lord, like the exhibition in Holland the Caricaturist's shop-windows (where, I am told, your Lordship passes many a pleasant minute), good and indifferent, but none so totally bad as to be divested of entertainment. It is worth observing, that the book-makers and copper-scratchers of the present day are very much beholden to Selwyn, Lady Bridget,

Bridget, &c. and to Fox and Pitt, for their daily bread. Indeed, the two last illustrious characters have been the life and soul of caricature genius for some years past; and the graphic squibs against both have not only enlivened many a breakfast party, but have proved a rich dessert at the tables of both Whig and Tory! I will say nothing in praise of the poetical part of this Collection; that will recommend itself to every Reader who has been ever charmed with the flights of true genius.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's very humble  
and devoted Servant,

FARMER G——

*Windsor,*  
*Sept. 1, 1791.*

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# P R E F A C E.

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## LAWS OF LAUGHING.

**L**AUGHING is that noble faculty which distinguishes man from beast, since it shews the rationality of the soul, which can be moved independent of the senses. It is the mark of reason, the badge of good-humour, and the sign of mirth. Shakespeare says—

- ‘ The Man who hath not Music in himself,
- ‘ And is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,
- ‘ Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.’

And we may with as great truth affirm,  
that—

The man who has not Mirth within himself,  
And can’t be mov’d to laughter by a joke,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

B

It

It is said of the Roman Cassius, that—

‘ He seldom smil’d ; or smil’d in such a sort,  
 ‘ As if he scorn’d himself, that could be mov’d  
 ‘ To smile at any thing.’

Now this fellow Cassius always lived a melancholy life, and at last died a murderer ; but the man who lives laughing, generally dies in his bed, as an honest man ought.

With respect to laughing, we should consider three things:—first, who laughs ;—secondly, who is laughed at ;—and thirdly, what the laughing is about.

When a man tells a merry tale, he should laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his mind more than in his countenance ; for he who laughs at his own joke is in the court of Comus considered as a fool. The Emperor of Persia, of whom I am going to relate a short story, enjoyed his own joke much better with a serious countenance, than he could have done with distorted features, and a thousand Ha ! ha ! ha’s !

Sha Abbas, the renowned King of Persia, was the most accomplished Prince in all the East. It happened that a Turkish Ambassador at his court, being much concerned

to see Christians, as well as Mahometans, wearing green shoes and trowsers over all Persia, required the King, in the name of the Grand Signior his master, to restrain his subjects from longer profaning a colour which all true Mahometans ought to venerate; saying, the King knew very well it was the Prophet's peculiar colour, and that it did not become faithful Mussulmen to cover any part of the body, except the head, or at least the more decent parts above the waist, with green. The pious Ambassador added, that it was an insupportable contempt, to trample under foot a colour so sacred, which was not only permitted among his Persian subjects, but also among the Christians, Jews, and other infidels and impure nations throughout his Majesty's dominions.

Sha Abbas, perceiving the weakness of his discourse, resolved to make a jest of the business. He affected, therefore, to comply with the Grand Signior's desire; and promised the Ambassador that none of his subjects should longer profane the Prophet's colour, provided the Grand Signior would issue out the same orders over his

dominions : ‘ For,’ continues the King,  
 ‘ your master beholds every day a greater  
 ‘ profanation of that colour, and yet per-  
 ‘ mits it to go unpunished. My subjects  
 ‘ only wear the dead colour on their shoes  
 ‘ and trowsers; but all the beasts in Tur-  
 ‘ key dung, without any penalty, on the  
 ‘ grass, which is the living colour in  
 ‘ which Mahomet delighted. When, there-  
 ‘ fore, he prohibits all the beasts in his  
 ‘ empire from continually defiling the grass  
 ‘ with their excrements, I will take care  
 ‘ that my subjects shall wear nothing  
 ‘ green.’

When a merry story is ended, you may be allowed to make a little noise in laughing, as it shews your approbation of what was meant for your entertainment ; but never break into the middle of a story by loud laughter, such interruptions being very disagreeable to the company, as well as to the speaker ; and all the merry ammunition should be preserved for the conclusion.

Laughing not only increases the good-humour of society, and promotes social enjoyment, but it is of infinite service to the health, and has sometimes saved the lives of sick persons.

The

The famous Doctor Radcliffe was once sent for into the country, by a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and, soon perceiving that no application would be of service, he desired the cook to make a large hasty-pudding, and let his servant bring it. While the cook was engaged in this business, he took his man aside, and instructed him. The man accordingly brought up the pudding in great order, and set it on the table in full view of the patient. 'Come, John,' said the Doctor, 'you love hasty-pudding; eat some with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast.' Both then fell to with their spoons; but John going to his mouth twice to his master's once, the Doctor took occasion to quarrel with him, by dabbing a spoonful of hot pudding in his face. John threw another at his master, who, apparently in a violent passion, quitted his spoon, took the hasty-pudding up by handfuls, and threw it at his man, who battled him again in the same manner, till they were both all over in a woeful pickle. The gentleman, having a full view of this comical combat, was so delighted at it, that he burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, which

broke the quinsy, and completely cured him.

‘ Laugh, and be fat,’ is a common saying; therefore I would recommend Laughing to the consumptive, ill-conditioned, and splenetic, as the certain cure of their disorders. When we are laughed at, we should never be angry, as that serves only to increase the laughter of those who jeer us. The only way is, to retort jest for jest, and joke for joke; and when a story is told to expose any of our follies, we should not only take the hint to amend them, but endeavour, at the same time, to expose, by an apposite story, some folly peculiar to the person who attempted to expose us, that he may likewise come in for his share of improvement. Thus Laughing will be of mutual benefit, and good-humour and instruction go hand in hand. Besides, a retort has great force, since it not only takes away the sting of a former jest, but establishes our reputation for a ready turn of wit.

Thus, when the pay of a certain regiment in France had been kept back for a long time, and one of the Officers, being greatly pressed for money, and much discontented,

went



went to the Colonel, saying, ‘ Three words  
 ‘ with you, Sir : Money or discharge.—the  
 latter immediately replied, ‘ Four with  
 ‘ you, Sir : Neither one nor t’other.’

But as we may not always be able to  
 parry the sarcasms of wit with success, we  
 should endeavour to gain such an ascen-  
 dancy over our passions, as to be always in  
 good-humour with ourselves. The tran-  
 quillity of our own minds will prove the  
 best defence against the worst attacks.

I shall conclude these remarks with a  
 short story, which every reader may apply  
 as he pleases.

When the Gods and Goddeses made fre-  
 quent visits to mankind, a beautiful and  
 young roving Divinity went into a nation  
 of hunch-backed people. On entering the  
 capital, he was surrounded by a multitude  
 of the inhabitants, who derided him most  
 unmercifully for having, what they deemed,  
 so odious a form ; and would have proceeded  
 to still greater violence, had not one, wiser  
 than the rest, suddenly cried out : ‘ My  
 ‘ friends and countrymen, consider well  
 ‘ what you are doing ! Let us not insult  
 ‘ this unhappy piece of deformity. If  
 ‘ Heaven has lavished upon us all the  
 ‘ gifts

\* gifts of beauty; if it has adorned our  
 \* backs with a noble mountain of flesh,  
 \* let us be filled with gratitude, repair to  
 \* our temples, and return thanks to the im-  
 \* mortal Gods!' This is the history of hu-  
 man vanity; for, to succeed in any coun-  
 try, we must carry the hunch of the nation  
 into which we travel.

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# FARMER GEORGE'S

## D I A R Y.

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AN Exciseman had an intrigue with a publican's wife in a village near Windsor, which the husband was so blind to, that he suffered his good woman to accompany her gallant to the cellar whenever he thought proper to gauge, or, as some call it, make an entry.—“ So,” said the Exciseman, “ I understand, Mr. Tap, you have been brewing since I went out of town.” “ I, brewing!” said the Publican; “ not I, by the life of Pharaoh: take a candle, wife, and convince him in the cellar of this falsehood.” Down go the lovers; and down, in a few minutes after, steals a little boy, who, being perceived by the woman,

man, she flew at him like a tigress, whipped him smartly, and sent him roaring and crying to the kitchen. "What's the matter with you, Tom?" says the father. "My mammy whipped me," said the boy, "and I'm sure I don't know for what; and she's now going to whip the Exciseman, for his breeches are down too!"—*Related by Mr. Wilkes.*

Pilon, the dramatic writer, requested the loan of two guineas from a friend,\* which was instantly given him; at the same time he was requested to dine with the gentleman, and to render him a little literary service when the cloth was removed. The Bard, ever ready to assist others with his pen, but not himself, complied, and produced, from an idea given by the gentleman, a very entertaining essay. A servant was dispatched, secretly, to Mr. Parker, who at that time published the General Advertiser, and was desired to ask two guineas for the Essay. The work was read, approved, and the money paid. Upon the return of the servant, Mr. B. asked Pilon how he could stand in need of two guineas?—"Why, here," said he,

\* Mr. Beamish, of Cork.

he, " I have got two guineas for the very  
 " Essay you wrote ; just a guinea an hour.  
 " Now, my dear friend, I cannot feel any  
 " pity for a man, however great his genius,  
 " who would not make a tenth part of that  
 " sum shelter him from the reproaches of the  
 " unfeeling, the bitter anguish of poverty,  
 " or the horrors of a jail staring him in the  
 " face every hour !" — *Related by Lord Car-*  
*lisle.*

The same good-natured genius, through some means or other, incurred the displeasure and lost the patronage of Mr. Harris. Pilon consequently sunk into indigence, in which he remained some years. He presented his comedy, which he afterwards called *He would be a Soldier*, to the Manager : he was told to make it a Comic Opera ; he did so : he was told then it would make a tolerable Farce ; down it was cut to a Farce, instantly : still it would not do. Pilon all this time was in a dreadful situation ; without money, without patronage, and, like all men in poverty, without friends. Still he weathered out the storm, and lived to see his dramatic bantling, almost in its original state, give infinite pleasure to thousands. The story is this :—Walking through  
 Long-

Long-Acre, Mr. Lewis, the comedian, met him : he inquired into his situation ; and, among other particulars, found he had a comedy ready for representation. Lewis desired to see it ; and at the same time assured him of his patronage. The play was read, and highly admired. It was then sent to Mr. Harris, who, no doubt, adopted the opinion, perhaps without reading a line of it, of Lewis, his prime minister. There was a superinducement to its being brought forward in Harris discovering, on looking over his bad debts, that Pilon owed him one hundred and fifty pounds ! The *dénouement* was highly to the wishes of all ; and the Poet, in less than a month, protested he never took so pleasant a walk in his life as through Long-Acre the day he met Lewis.—  
*Related by the same.*

The late Lord Chesterfield taking the air one day on the downs near *Salisbury*, saw among the *baras*\* there, one of a larger size than the rest ; This, said a gentleman present, is, I suppose, the dormitory of some giant. Lord Chesterfield, who was a great lover of a jest, took the hint, and, when they returned home,  
imme-

\* Graves of those slain in the wars.

immediately dispatched a paragraph to be inserted in a particular news-paper, which he knew was constantly taken in by a certain virtuoso in that country; in which paragraph it was affirmed, " That the bones  
 " of a certain giant, supposed to have been,  
 " when alive, near ten foot high, were  
 " found in a bara near Salisbury, and were  
 " then in the possession of a certain clergy-  
 " man, who was mentioned by name." The joke had its effect with the virtuoso, who immediately dispatched a man and horse for the bones to the clergyman, whose patron he was: nor did it cease there; but the same silly story was literally translated into French, which brought three virtuosos post to England, and on the authority of the same news-paper, transmitted to posterity as a real fact, in a very voluminous work in folio, soon after published in Fiance.—*Related by Lord North.*

Aurenzeb, the Mogul Emperor, published an edict, that, on a certain day, all the *Faquirs* in his kingdom should assemble themselves on a large plain, that he might do himself the pleasure of dining with them. He ordered a vast number of new cassocks

to be got ready, and made a present of one to every *Faquir*, ordering them to strip off the old ones, and throw them in a heap. The *Faquirs* made some difficulty of this; but the Emperor would be obeyed, and caused them all to be burnt to ashes. This brought a good round sum of money into his coffers. He was no stranger to the tricks of those pretended monks; he knew them to be great collectors of alms, which for safety they quilted in the folds of their cassocks; and this was the motive of his generosity to the poor *Faquirs*.—*Related by my eldest Son.*

*The Priest and the Barber at Rome.—A true Story.*

A violent misunderstanding arose in the baker's shop between the Maker and the Blessor of the bread, till at length the strength of body, and passion of mind, so overcame the former, that he not only knocked the priest down, but kicked him into the cellar, and then sat himself down at the farther end of his very extensive shop, which was completely furnished with bread from one end to the other. The priest, after recovering his fall, and preserving all the externals of a meek and christian-like deportment,



ment, collected a vast crowd, not only of the baker's customers, but accidental passengers, about his shop-door, related the particulars of the quarrel, and the violence with which he had been treated by the baker.—But to shew, said the priest, that I can return good for evil, I will only consecrate to holy purposes every particle of bread now in the shop, and accordingly pronounced the holy benediction over it, and departed; so that no one durst either eat, buy, or touch it; and if the baker had not fortunately got his sad condition and large family made known to the Pope (who, it is known, is infallible), the baker's shop must have remained, to this day, only a spectacle of awe and reverence, and a memento to all wicked wretches who had the temerity to violate the sacred person of a man of God.—*Related by Lord Courtois.*

A tradesman in Pall-Mall, a short time ago, in consequence of some pecuniary distress, made an attempt on his life. The Prince of Wales, on hearing the account, and learning that the unfortunate subject was one of the tradesmen to his Highness, immediately sent to inquire into the truth of the narration: on finding that the circumstances

stances were precisely as they were stated, he immediately drew forth his pocket-book, and desired a page to take it, with the notes which it contained, to the rescued victim of despondency. "Tell him," said his Highness, "that I am sorry that distress should have compelled him to such a deed: bid him make use of these. I may perhaps owe him something; and under such circumstances the routine of payment must appear tedious." The gift thus sent was worthy of the donor, and of the occasion. It consisted of bank-notes to the amount of 700*l*.  
 —*Related by Lady Charlotte Finch.*

During the performance of *Admetus* at the Opera-House, a circumstance happened, which at once manifests a vocal excellence in the famous Cuzzoni, and the humour of an English Gallery. While she was singing *Sen vola*, a song in the first Act, calculated to display her natural warble, a fellow in the gallery cried out, "D——n her, she has "got a nest of nightingales in her belly."  
 —*Related by Lord Cardiff.*

The late Dukes of Orleans, whose life was rather a merry one, used to go sometimes in the gallery at the Opera (the gallery is called

called *Paradise*, in French), merely to intrigue with some young men, whose finances would not admit of going elsewhere. She happened one evening to be seated by a fine young fellow, and she being dressed very plain, he began a conversation with her, which brought on a mutual liking; and it was agreed that he should see her home—he all the while taking her for a *demoiselle facile*. After the play he was handing her down stairs, with the thoughts of taking a *fiacre*; when the Lady begged he would be so obliging as to desire somebody to call the Duchess of Orleans's carriage. Her servants immediately waited upon her in their rich liveries; which altogether so surprised the Gentleman, that he was awkwardly endeavouring to excuse himself, which she would not admit, and insisted on his finishing what he had so agreeably begun. “ Pardon me, “ Madam, replied he, in *Paradise* we are “ all equal; but permit me to know my “ distance in *this world*.” He had the honour, however, to accompany her Grace.—*Related by the present Duke of Orleans.*

Earl Fitzwilliam's family have been always noted for their liberality; and his

Lordship certainly keeps up the firm of his noble house. It is very true, that William Fitzwilliam, the founder of this family, was alderman of Bread-street Ward, in the year 1506. Before his death he forgave all his debtors, and wrote upon the erased account of each,

*Amore Dei remitto!*

Cardinal Wolfey was undoubtedly the chief means of the worthy Alderman's acquiring his fortune.—After the fall of that great man, Mr. Fitzwilliam very hospitably entertained him at his seat at Malton in Northamptonshire, where the present Earl resides. Henry the Eighth was so enraged at this, that he sent for him, and said, “Ha! ha! —how comes it, ha!—that you dare entertain a traitor—ha!” Mr. Fitzwilliam modestly answered, “Please your Highness, “I did it not from disloyalty, but from “gratitude.” The angry Monarch here interrupted him by “Ha! ha!” the usual interjections of his rage. Mr. Fitzwilliam, with the tear of gratitude in his eye, and the burst of loyalty in his bosom, continued, “From gratitude! as he was my old master, “and the means of my greatest fortunes!” Impetuous Harry was so pleased with the answer,

swer, that he took him heartily by the hand, and said, " Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master. Come into my service, worthy man, and teach my other servants gratitude, for but few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and swore him in as a Privy Counsellor.—*Related by Doctor Johnson.*

In the year 1737 a most extraordinary Character engaged the attention of the public. The following particulars are transcribed from a pamphlet published at that time. " An odd trial came on at Leicester " Assizes, the case being thus: One *Baggerley*, being hired to work about five " miles from Grooby, and being jealous of " his wife, was afraid to leave her to her " own inclinations; therefore put in execution a most villainous and barbarous design, which the wife told her mother and " sisters of, and they the neighbourhood, " who released the woman from her great " pain, and took him up. His indictment was as follows:—That he, George " Baggerley, on October the 15th, 1737, " with force and arms, at Grooby, against " the peace of our Sovereign Lord the " King, then and there did make an assault;

“ fault ; and that the said George Bag-  
 “ garley a certain needle and thread into  
 “ and through the skin and flesh of the pri-  
 “ vate parts of the said Dorothy in divers  
 “ places, then and there wickedly, barba-  
 “ rously, and inhumanly did force ; and  
 “ the said private parts of her the said Do-  
 “ rothy Baggarley, with the needle and  
 “ thread aforesaid, did then and there sew  
 “ up, to the great damage of the said Do-  
 “ rothy, and against the peace of our So-  
 “ vereign Lord the King, his crown and  
 “ dignity. To which indictment the pri-  
 “ soner pleaded guilty, and the Court gave  
 “ him a severe reprimand ; but, consider-  
 “ ing his great poverty, fined him only  
 “ twenty shillings, and to be imprisoned  
 “ for two years. As he was carrying from  
 “ the trial to the jail, the women fell upon  
 “ him and scratched him terribly, calling  
 “ him all the ill names they could think of.”

—Taken from the *London Magazine* for 1737.

The Marchioness de Sevigné was one of  
 the finest women in France. One day the  
 celebrated Menage had hold of one of this  
 Lady's hands between his ; and, on her  
 drawing it away, M. Pelletier, who stood  
 by, said to Menage—“ That is the most  
 “ beauti-

“ beautiful work that ever came from your hands.”—*Related by the Duchess of Ancafter.*

Some years ago a reverend Divine (Doctor Beadon), who then lived in habits of focial intercourse with Garrick, Foote, &c. was Rector of Eltham, in Kent. The text he took one Sunday at that place, to enlarge on, was, “ *Who art thou?*” During the delivery of which, an Officer walking up the middle aisle of the church, fupposing it a question addreffed to him, fuddenly and unexpectedly replied,” “ *I am, Sir, an officer of the fixteenth regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here, having brought my wife and family with me, and wifh to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry.*” This answer fo deranged the congregation, and fo aftonifhed the Divine, that it was with the greateft difficulty he could proceed, and his congregation liften with a due fhare of decorum.—*Related by Lord Petre.*

As the trial of Mr. Haftings engages the attention of all Europe, who are anxious for the event, a correspondent has favoured us with the following Petition from the Princess

*Raufenora*

*Raufenora Begum*, wife of *Almas Ali Cawn*, Nabob of Benares, whom the Governor had imprisoned, after depriving him of his dominions in the citadel of Madras—faithfully translated from the Persian language by Henry William Fraser, Captain of Sepoys, in the service of the Company.

To the High and Mighty Servant of the most potent Prince, George, King of England, the lowly and humble Slave of Misery comes, praying for mercy to the Father of her children.

“ *Most Mighty Sir,*

“ May the blessings of thy God ever  
 “ wait on thee! May the sun of glory  
 “ shine round thy head! May the gates of  
 “ happiness be ever open to thee and thine!  
 “ May no sorrow distress thy days, nor  
 “ anxious thought thy nights! May the  
 “ pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the  
 “ pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams;  
 “ and when length of years make thee wearied  
 “ with life, when the curtain of death closes  
 “ round the last sleep of human existence, may  
 “ the Angels of God conduct thy spirit to  
 “ realms of everlasting joy!

“ Oh! listen, then, to the voice of dis-  
 “ tress! Oh! grant the request of thy ser-  
 “ vant!



“ vent! Spare—Oh! spare the father of my  
 “ children, the dear partner of my bed!  
 “ Consider, O mighty Sir, that he did not  
 “ become rich by iniquity, and that his  
 “ possessions were derived from a long line  
 “ of flourishing ancestors, who, in those  
 “ happy days when the thunder of Great-  
 “ Britain was not heard on the plains of  
 “ Hindoostan, reaped their harvests, and  
 “ enjoyed their patrimony unmolested.  
 “ Think! Oh think, that the God thou  
 “ worshippest delights not in innocent blood!  
 “ Remember thy own commandment,  
 “ and obey the order of Heaven, which  
 “ proclaims, *Thou shalt not kill.*

“ Give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and  
 “ take all our treasures! our gold and sil-  
 “ ver! our jewels and precious stones! but,  
 “ oh, take not my husband's life! Inno-  
 “ cence sits smiling on his brow, and the  
 “ milk of human kindness flows round his  
 “ heart. Let us wander through the de-  
 “ sert; let us labour in those fields of which  
 “ he was once lord and master. But lift  
 “ not up the instrument of death against  
 “ him, for he has committed no crime.

“ Thy God will reward thee; thy coun-  
 “ try will thank thee; and thy humble vas-  
 “ sal

“sal now at thy feet shall pray for thee,  
“whilst the breath of life remains.”

This Petition was delivered to the Governor, on the 10th of February 1775, by the unfortunate Lady in person, which he had scarce perused, when he gave orders that the Royal Prisoner should be strangled, which was immediately put in execution.—  
*Taken from a London Paper.*

*Cure for the Gout.*

A Christian merchant padding away upon his ass towards the capital of the Turkish dominions, having encountered a Bashaw on the high road, was disabled, by a severe fit of the gout, from alighting to do the great man the accustomed honour of kneeling in the mud. The gentleman of three tails directed the merchant to be taken off the ass, and in his great clemency ordered one hundred strokes of the bastinado on his distressed feet.

The Christian merchant, applauding his Excellency's mercy in not inflicting on him a more severe punishment, was indulged to be carried to the next village on his ass, and there remained two months to recover the use of his feet; when, to his astonishment  
and

and pleasure, he found himself rid of his gout, along with the bruises conferred by the bastinado.

For many a day after, and probably during his life, he never had a return of his disorder; but in gratitude for the signal service he had experienced, it was his custom, on the anniversary of the day he received the generous chastisement of the Bashaw, to drink his doctor's health.

The British poet (Pope), who, according to Swift, in his libel on Dr. Delany, refused the visits of a Queen in his mother's sickness, because they would have broke in upon the discharge of filial duty, must yield the palm to Racine, who declined the invitation of his Prince, that he might stay with his own children.

"You must dine to-day with the Prince," said the messenger.

"I cannot have that honour," replied the affectionate father, "as it is seven days since I have seen my children; they are overjoyed at my return. Look here, they have provided this fine carp: I must dine with the dear little creatures: they will have no pleasure in tasting it without me; they will break their  
D " hearts

“ hearts to lose me the moment I am re-  
 “ turned to them. Pray be so kind as to  
 “ mention to his Highness this my ex-  
 “ cuse.”—*Related by Soam Jenyns.*

This story is literally true; and Racine received more glory from it than from all his poems.

#### JURIES.

A living Judge, who not many years since travelled the north-west circuit in Ireland, came to the trial of a cause in which much of the local consequences of certain demagogues in the neighbourhood were concerned; it was the case of a Landlord's prosecution against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor, by the defendant, in the defence of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from ravishment. Not only the Bench, but the whole Bar, dined with the prosecutor's father the day before the trial; and some of them praise the venison and the claret to this day.

Next day the poor man was brought into court, and put to the bar. The prosecutor appeared, and swore most manfully to every tittle in the indictment. He was cross-examined by the jurors, who were honest trades-

tradesmen and reputable farmers. The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story: he pleaded his own cause, and he pleaded, not to the fancy, but to the judgment and the heart. The Jury found him—*Not Guilty*. The Court was enraged; but the surrounding spectators, gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause. The Judge told the Jury, they must go back to their jury-room, and re-consider the matter; adding, “He was astonished they could presume to return so infamous a verdict.” The Jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the Bench:

“My Lord, in compliance with your  
 “desire, we went back to our jury-room;  
 “but as we found then no reason to alter  
 “our opinions or our verdict, we return  
 “it to you in the same words as before—  
 “*Not Guilty*. We heard your Lordship’s  
 “extraordinary language of reproof; but  
 “we do not accept it as properly or war-  
 “rantly applying to us. ’Tis true, my  
 “Lord, that we ourselves, individually  
 “considered, in our private capacities, may  
 “be poor insignificant men;—therefore, in  
 “that light, we claim nothing withoutside  
 D 2 “this

“ this box above the common regards of our  
 “ humble but honest stations ; but, my  
 “ Lord, assembled here as a *Jury*, we can-  
 “ not be insensible to the great and consti-  
 “ tutional importance of the department we  
 “ now fill : we feel, my Lord, that we  
 “ are appointed, as you are, by the Law  
 “ and the Constitution, not only as an im-  
 “ partial tribunal to judge between the  
 “ King and his subjects—the offended and  
 “ the offender—but that, by the favour of  
 “ that Constitution, we act in the situa-  
 “ tion of a still greater confidence ; for  
 “ we form, as a *Jury*, the barrier of the  
 “ people, against the possible influence, pre-  
 “ judice, passion, or corruption of the  
 “ Bench !

“ To you, my Lord, meeting you within  
 “ these walls, I, for my own part, might  
 “ possibly measure my respect by your  
 “ private virtues : in this place your pri-  
 “ vate character is invisible ; for it is, in  
 “ my eyes, veiled in your official one, and  
 “ ’tis to open conduct in that only we can  
 “ look.

“ This *Jury*, my Lord, does not, in  
 “ this business, presume to offer that Bench  
 “ the smallest degree of disrespect, much  
 “ less, insult : we pay it the respect one  
 “ tribunal should pay to another, for the

“ com-

" common honour of both. This Jury,  
 " my Lord, did not arraign that Bench  
 " with partiality, prejudice, infamous de-  
 " cision, nor yet with influence, passion,  
 " corruption, oppression, or tyranny : no !  
 " we looked to it as the mercy-seat of  
 " Royalty ; as the sanctuary of Truth and  
 " Justice.—Still, my Lord, we cannot blot  
 " from our minds the records of our school-  
 " books, nor erase the early inscriptions  
 " written on the first pages of our intellects  
 " and memories. Hence we must be mind-  
 " ful, that Monarchs and Judges are but  
 " fallible mortals, that tyrants have sat  
 " on thrones, and that the mercy-seat of  
 " royalty, and the sanctuary of justice,  
 " have been polluted by a Treffilian, a  
 " Scraggs, and a Jefferies."

[ Here a frown from the Bench. ]

" Nay, my Lord, I am a poor man, but  
 " I am a free-born subject of the kingdom  
 " of Ireland, a member of the Constitution ;  
 " nay, I am now higher, for I am the  
 " Representative thereof. I therefore do  
 " claim, for myself and fellow-jurors, the  
 " liberty of speech ; and, if I am refused  
 " it here, I shall assume it before the peo-  
 " ple at the door of this Court-house, and

“ tell them why I deliver my mind there  
 “ instead of in this place.”

[ Here the Bench reassumed complacency. ]

“ I say, my Lord, we have nothing to  
 “ do with your private character ; we  
 “ know you here only in that of Judge ;  
 “ and as such, we would respect you : you  
 “ know nothing of us but as a Jury ;  
 “ and in that we should look to you  
 “ for reciprocal respect, because we know  
 “ of no man, however high his titles or his  
 “ rank, in whom the Law or the Consti-  
 “ tution would warrant the presumption of  
 “ an unprovoked insult towards that tri-  
 “ bunal, in whom they have vested the  
 “ dearest and most valuable privilege they  
 “ possess. I before said, my Lord, that  
 “ we are here met, not individually, nor  
 “ do we assume pre-eminence ; but in  
 “ the sacred character of a Jury, we would  
 “ be wanting in reverence to the Consti-  
 “ tution itself, if we did not look for the  
 “ respect of every man who regards it.  
 “ We sit here, my Lord, sworn to give a  
 “ verdict according to our consciences and  
 “ the best of our opinions, on the evidence  
 “ before us. We have, in our own minds,  
 “ acquitted our duty as honest men. If  
 “ we have erred, we are answerable, not

“ to



“ to your Lordship, nor that Bench, nor  
 “ to the King who placed you there, but  
 “ to an higher power, the King of Kings,  
 “ and the Lord of Lords.”

The Bench was dumb, the Bar was silent ;  
 but astonishment murmured throughout the  
 crowd; and the poor man was discharged.—  
*Taken from an Irish Paper.*

Saladin the Great commanded, when he  
 was dying, no solemnity to be used at his  
 burial, but only his shirt, in the manner of  
 an ensign, made fast to the point of a lance,  
 to be carried before his dead body ; a plain  
 Priest going before, and crying thus aloud  
 to the people : “ Saladin, conqueror of the  
 “ East, of all the greatness and riches he had  
 “ in this life, carrieth with him, after his  
 “ death, nothing more than his shirt to his  
 “ grave ! ” — *Related by my eldest Son.*

It happened, in the early part of Mr.  
 Hogarth's life, that a Nobleman came to  
 him to sit for a picture, who was uncom-  
 monly ugly and deformed. It was execu-  
 ted, after the necessary sittings, with a  
 skill that did honour to the artist's abili-  
 ties ; but the *likeness* was rigidly observed,  
 without the necessary attention to *compliment*

ment or *flattery*. The Peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear person, never once thought of sending for a *reflector* that could only insult him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards various applications were made by him (for then he had no need of a banker) for the payment of the picture; but his applications were of no effect. The Painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient, which he knew must alarm the Nobleman's pride, and on that account answer his purpose. It was couched in the following card: " Mr. Hogarth's dutiful  
 " respects to Lord —, finding that he  
 " does not mean to have the picture which  
 " was drawn for him, is under the necessity  
 " of informing his Lordship, that pro-  
 " vided he does not send for it in three  
 " days, it will be disposed of, with the  
 " addition of a *tail*, and some other little  
 " appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous  
 " *wild-beast-man*, Mr. Hogarth having  
 " given that *gentleman* a conditional pro-  
 " mise of it for an *exhibition-picture*, on  
 " his Lordship's refusal." It had the de-  
 sired effect; the picture was sent for home,  
 but

but instantly committed to the flames.—*Related by the late Earl of Chesterfield.*

*Purgatory proved, &c. By Father Murtagh O'Lavery.*

“ It ish a doctrine upheld by our un-  
 “ erring counshels, confirmed by de Pope  
 “ himself, and stamped vid de ven’rable  
 “ authority of de shursh. Fat need you,  
 “ who believe in dat shursh, any more  
 “ proof for a doctrine? She is in the plaash  
 “ of your rashon, shenses, and undershtand-  
 “ ing, and hash power to shudge, decree,  
 “ and determine, and dictate and ordain,  
 “ in all matters of relishon and doctrine,  
 “ and all dat tend to your bodiesh and  
 “ eshtatesh, and all dat do relate to dish  
 “ world; or de next vorld to come. Who  
 “ vill give a groat to have dish man out of  
 “ purgatory? Come you men dere,—vell  
 “ dere ish one groat, make hashte, you  
 “ are very shlow. Now you dat have not  
 “ given de full groats, ’twas better for  
 “ you to have given noting at all; for de  
 “ punishment of your friend vil not only  
 “ be schorching and schorching, &c. but  
 “ halving and quartering, and teating in  
 “ pieces: for you dat gave tree pence, I  
 “ will

will pray tree quarters of your friend out,  
and leave t'oder quarter in for t'oder penny,  
to remain in torment ash before. Sho bor-  
row you devilsh, and made up de groat.—*Re-  
lated by Mr. Courtenay.*

Queen Anne of France, the wife of  
Lewis the Twelfth, voluntarily imparted a  
kiss unto Allen Chartier, in her love to learn-  
ing. This Queen, passing in a time from her  
lodging towards the King's side, saw in a  
gallery Allen Chartier, a famous scholar,  
leaning on a table's end, fast asleep; which  
this Princess espying, she stooped down to  
kiss him, uttering these words in all their  
hearing: "We may not of princely cour-  
tesy pass by, and not honour with our kiss  
the mouth from whence so many golden  
poems have issued.—*From a very scarce and  
entertaining book, called The Golden Fleece.*

The morning after the French Ambassa-  
dor's gala, the Duke of C—— went to  
Buckingham-House to pay his devoirs to  
the Queen and Princesses:—his Highness  
was shewn into a room where Madam  
*Schwellenberg* was sitting, who immediately  
got up, and rudely retired without paying  
him the least mark of respect or attention—  
soon

soon after however she re-entered, and servilely curtesying to the ground, made ten thousand apologies for her behaviour, adding, she took his Highness for the Duke of Y——, or she should not have behaved in the manner she did. “And suppose “I had been the Duke of Y——!” replied the incensed *Royal Tar*. “Get yourself “under weigh this instant! you d—d old “*mischief-making b\*\*\*b*: and if ever after “this you dare bring your *German a\*\*\** to “an anchor in my presence, I’ll kick it out “of the room, or give it a *stinging dozen* “before all the pages of the back stairs, by “G——!”

Little do *critics* know how soon they may change their sentiments of young performers. When Mrs. Siddons first appeared, the theatrical accounts were of “the *listless nothingness* of Mrs. Siddons”—“that *abstract of insipidity*, the *inanimate* Siddons.”—And of her playing *Miss Morley* in the *Runaway*, a critic of that time speaks thus: “Mrs. Siddons “has but few powers given her by *nature*; “she speaks *disagreeably*, and her motions “are like *twitches*, and give pain.”—Who would think they were speaking of her who brought Tragedy from oblivion, and immortalized

mortalized her name on the page of *Dramatic History*?"

But that she was "*born to greatness*," let the following anecdote prove:—When her grandfather, the accomplished Mr. Ward, and his company of comedians, were playing *Harry the Eighth*, in a capacious barn at Keynton, in Hertfordshire (where Mr. Wood, who performed the character of *Henry*, was thought little inferior to *Quin*, in point of size), the part of *Anna Bullen* was performed by Mrs. Kemble, the fortunate mother of the *august* Mrs. Siddons, and the *immaculate* John. Before the birth of Elizabeth was announced, an unlucky circumstance took place;—her Majesty was actually delivered of the present Mrs. Siddons. It is needless to say, that the whole corps were thrown into confusion. This untimely accident was occasioned by fatigue; the whole company had travelled from Ludlow in Shropshire but a few days before, with the *adults* and *properties* in an old *baggage-waggon*; and the younger branches of the royal family of ferocious *Harry*, in two *large paniers*, suspended from the back of a long-eared prognosticator of foul weather!—From the suspicious state of the delivery, all the old women prophesied, that the infant would be  
come

come a GREAT LADY!—and who will be hardy enough to dispute the VERITY of their prophecy?

A wag at that time has very humourously pictured one of these itinerant removes in the following lines:

From Hereford the jovial crew departed;  
Kings walk'd on foot, and Princeesses were carted.  
Great Oronoko, out of his privy purse  
Could not afford poor Imoinda a horse;  
But in a cart like faggots they were pil'd;  
Here lay a brandy-bottle, there a child.  
Fam'd Montezuma hir'd an humble hack;  
And he who grasp'd the world, now rode a pack!  
Thus on the road no more than common men,  
Once safe at Ludlow, then all Kings again!!!

—*Related by Lord Barrymore.*

After the execution of M. de Barnvelt, his sons conspired against Maurice, Prince of Orange, who procured the death of their father: the plot was discovered, and the eldest son condemned to be beheaded.

Madam de Barnvelt, on this melancholy occasion, went and threw herself at the Prince's feet, beseeching him to pardon her son. The Prince told her he was greatly surpris'd that she who had not solicited for her husband, should now intercede for her son. To which she made this truly heroic answer: “ I did not sue for a par-  
E “ don

“ don for my husband, because he was innocent; but I implore it for my son, because he is guilty. The Prince granted her request.—*Related by my Wife.*

Bunhill-row is now blessed with a new Gospel-shop, or a new Soul-saving Insurance-Office, under the title of the EDENITES, or the *Paradise Society*, where every thing is to go on in the style of original nature.—The preacher, stark-naked, will harangue his flock from an apple-tree; the fruit of which, no doubt, some of the daughters of *Eve* already have in their EYE.—*Taken from the Morning-Post.*

Admiral Hyde Parker was observing to a friend one day on board the *Goliath*, that the itching of a man's palm denoted good fortune, rubbing it at the same time. It unfortunately happened, that a sailor, then in the shrouds, let fall a mouthful of tobacco-spit, which fell plump into the Admiral's hand. The surprise of the Admiral may be easily conceived; but that of poor Jack was infinitely greater, when he was ordered down to receive a dozen lashes for this very whimsical good fortune.—*Related by the Duke of Clarence.*

The



The Earl of St. Albans, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria in all her misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with King Charles II. when all distinctions were laid aside (which was frequently the case when that monarch was disposed for a vein of humour), a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value, which was just vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl personate him. The Gentleman addressed himself accordingly, enumerated his services to the Royal Family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. “ By no means (replied the Earl); and I am only sorry that as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend the Earl of St. Albans (pointing to the King), who has constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone ungratified: but when any thing of this kind happens again worth your acceptance, pray let me see you. The Gentleman withdrew, the King smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the Earl.—*Related by the Earl of Sandwich.*

## CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH

*(From a Swedish Author).*

England, without dispute, is the Queen of Isles, the empire and arsenal of Neptune. She is at the same time the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the country of Mars, the abode of Minerva, the support of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of partisans of opposition, and the paradise of those of liberty. The women are handsome; but their beauty is attended with something very insipid. Bravery there is, as it were, natural to men, but carried to an excess that borders upon savageness. Wit and judgement reign there, and perhaps more than in any country whatever; but they produce a certain air of pride, which considerably diminishes their merit. It is there, one may say, that fortune distributes her favours abundantly; but these Islanders are ignorant of the use they ought to make of them to strangers, as the Courtiers and their State are the only objects of their liberality. Their language is an odd mixture of almost all the tongues of Europe; but with

with this advantage, that it expresses itself the best of all of them.—In short, it is a nation where nothing is wanting to its happiness, but to know how to enjoy it. Her natural restlessness, and extreme jealousy for liberty and property, have often plunged her into civil wars, which have laid her within six inches of her destruction.

The three journies I made there having led me into their manners, I venture to assert, that it is the most delightful country in the world for young gentlemen to be amused in, provided they are makers of the language, and able to support the expence; and if the high road to hell be sown with delights and pleasures, you must necessarily pass through England to it.—*Taken from the Annual Register.*

The mention which has been made of that very extraordinary character the Rev. Mr. Patten, may probably have raised some curiosity concerning him; and the reader may not dislike to hear a few genuine particulars of his life and conversation. He had been chaplain to a man of war, and had contracted a kind of marine roughness from his voyages; he was of an athletic make, and had a considerable share of wit and humour,

not restrained by any strict ideas of professional propriety. He was, during many years, curate of Whitstable, at a very small stipend; and used, every Sunday, to travel, in a butcher's cart, to do duty at another church. Whitstable lying close to the sea, is very aguish; so that, had he been dismissed, it would have been very difficult for the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have procured another curate at the same low rate: this he well knew, and presuming upon it, was a great plague to every new primate. He kept a mistress publicly; and had that esteem for punch, that when his sermons were too long, some one shewing him a lemon, might at any time cause him to bring his discourse to an abrupt conclusion, that he might be at liberty to adjourn to the public-house.

When Dr. Wake was archbishop, some tale-bearer informed his Grace, that Mr. Patten had given a marriage-certificate, which he had signed by the title of Bishop of Whitstable. At the next visitation, the Archbishop sternly asked Mr. Patten whether the report was true? To which Patten replied, "I shall answer your Grace's question by another—Are you fool enough to take notice of it, if it be true?"

When

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy ; and, among other articles, found great fault with the scanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr. Patten, who was there (though not summoned, as his usual boldness at these meetings occasioned an order for him to be left out of the list), arose from his seat, and bowing to the Archbishop, said, with a loud voice, " I thank your Grace." After the charge was over, this troublesome subaltern, bustling through the croud, came up to the Metropolitan, who, seeing that he could not avoid him, began with the usual question, " You are, Sir, I apprehend, curate of " Whitstable ?" " I am so," returned Mr. Patten, " and have received the paltry " sum of thirty pounds *per ann.* from your " Grace's predecessors, for doing the duty " of a living which brings in full three " hundred." " Don't enlarge, Mr. Patten," said the Archbishop ;—" No, but " I hope your Grace will," rejoined the Curate.

It chanced that a substantial farmer in Whitstable, who had frequently promised his son to take him in as partner in his farm, or to leave it him at his death, died, without performing either of his promises. His widow,

widow, a second wife, took possession of the premises, without regarding the representations of the son, who in vain pleaded his pretensions to the partnership at least. Not long after, the widow came to Patten, with a deplorable tale of a ghost, which haunted her house, out-houses, &c. dragging chains and rattling fetters. The Curate, who, though no believer in spirits, was yet sensible that at any rate the affair must turn to his pecuniary advantage, put on his gravest air, and told the woman, "that what she asked was no trivial matter; that, besides a considerable stock of courage, the enterprise demanded deep learning, as the whole form of exorcism ought to be spoke in Latin; that indeed he was fully master of these requisites, but that he could not give himself the trouble of exerting them, under the sum of a guinea." To this demand the woman assented, after some demur; and the best parlour was fitted up for the Curate's reception, according to his discretion, with a large fire, two candles, and a bowl of punch. He then took his post, and waited for the apparition, who, unluckily, not knowing the sort of man he had to deal with, and thinking to terrify him as he had done by others, began his perambulations as usual,

usual, around the premises ; but no sooner did the priest hear the chain, and the groans, than he sallied forth, and without delay seized the poor ghost by the collar, belabouring him at the same time severely with an oaken sapling. The young Farmer, finding himself by no means a match for his opponent, fell on his knees, and owned the whole contrivance, conjuring the exorcist, at the same time, not to expose him, nor to reveal the secret to his mother-in-law, who would be glad of the opportunity to turn him out of the house with some degree of pretence. His intreaties were heard ; and he was dismissed, on a solemn promise not to disturb the house again : on this condition, hopes were given to him of a comfortable settlement with his step-mother.

Early in the morn, she came down, anxious to know what had passed the preceding night ; when she was informed by the priest, that he had had a terrible conflict with the deceased, who was one of the most fierce, obstinate spirits he had ever met with. That at length he had laid him, at the expence of much Latin. “ Poor wicked soul,” continued he, “ I forgive him, although great  
 “ part of his disquiet is owing to thirty  
 “ shillings, of which he defrauded me, but  
 “ which

“ which he desired, nay, commanded you  
 “ to pay. On this condition only, and  
 “ on your allowing his son a share in the  
 “ farm, has he agreed to trouble your house  
 “ no more, but to retire to his old quarters,  
 “ the Red Sea.”

To this the woman assented :—she paid the money, took her son-in-law into the farming-business ; and the parson had the comfort of having done a good action, and at the same time picked up a little money by it.

He was once at the house of a brother-clergyman, who, having shewn him a very numerous collection of books, in various languages, Patten asked him, whether he understood them all ? The answer being affirmative, he rejoined, “ Surely, surely, brother, you must have had your head broken with a brick from the Tower of Babel.”

In his illness, being in extreme distress, Archbishop Secker sent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon. The dying humourist thanked him sincerely, and in the style of the age of James I. “ Tell the Primate,” said he, “ that now I own him to be a man of God, for I have seen his angels.”—*Related by Captain Grose.*

The



The following anecdote will fully evince to the world, that the negroes are as capable of feeling as their cruel oppressors, who are called properly dealers in human flesh! though it has frequently been argued to the contrary.—A Negro-fellow being strongly suspected of having stolen goods in his possession, was taken before a certain Justice of Peace in Philadelphia, and charged with the offence. The fellow was so hardened as to acknowledge the fact; and to add to the crime, had the audacity to make the following speech:—“ Massa Justice, me know  
 “ me gat dem tings from Tom dere; and  
 “ me tinke Tom teal dem too; but what  
 “ den, Massa? Dey be only a piccaninny  
 “ cork-screw, and a piccaninny knife; one  
 “ cost sixpence, and tudda a shilling; and  
 “ me pay Tom for dem honestly, Massa.”  
 “ A very pretty story, truly! you knew  
 “ they were stolen, yet alledge in excuse  
 “ you paid honestly for them: I’ll teach  
 “ you better law than that, firrah! Don’t  
 “ you know, Cæsar, the receiver is as bad  
 “ as the thief; you must be severely whipt,  
 “ you black rascal, you.”—“ Very well,  
 “ Massa; if de black rascal be whipt for  
 “ buying tolen goods, me hope de white  
 “ rascal will be whipt too for same ting,  
 “ when

" when me catch him, as well as Cæsar?"  
 " To be sure, rejoined his Worship." " Well  
 " den," says Cæsar, " here be Tom's  
 " Massa—hold him fast, constable; he buy  
 " Tom as I buy de piccaninny knife and de  
 " piccaninny cork-screw: he knew very  
 " well poor Tom be tolen from his fader  
 " and mudder; de knife and de corkscrew  
 " have neder."—Whether it was that his  
 Worship, as well as Tom's master, were smote  
 in the same instant with the justice or the  
 severity of Cæsar's application, we know  
 not; but, after a few minutes pause,  
 Cæsar was dismissed, and the action dis-  
 charged.

Louis XI. of France, one day, observing  
 among the crowd who assembled to see him  
 dine, an officer whom he disliked, made a pri-  
 vate sign to Tristan l'Hermite, his " Grand  
 " Prévôt," to put him out of the way. Tristan,  
 well-accustomed to the signal, but unluckily  
 mistaking the man alluded to, accosted a  
 well-fed monk who stood in the same line  
 with the captain, allured him into the palace-  
 yard, thrust him into a sack, and threw him  
 into the Seine. Next day, Louis, hearing  
 that the proscribed officer had been seen  
 posting towards Flanders, reproached Tris-  
 tan

tan with his neglect. "To Flanders!" said the Grand Prevost—"your Majesty must be in an error; the monk has got half way to Rouen by this time; I sent him adrift, tied up in a sack." "What monk? *Hab! Pasque Dieu!*" said the King, with his usual oath, "you have drowned me the best priest in my kingdom. It cannot be helped now, so we will have half a dozen masses said for his soul; but it was that dog of a *Captain*, not the poor *Monk*, that I meant."

Louis XIV. who loved a concise style, met on the road, as he was travelling into the country, a priest who was riding post; and, ordering him to stop, asked hastily—"Whence come you?—Where are you going?—What do you want?" The other, who perfectly well knew the King's disposition, instantly replied—"From Bruges—To Paris—A benefice!"—"You shall have it," replied the King: and, in a few days, presented him to a valuable living.—*Related by the Duke of Orleans.*

An honest industrious Peasant, in Picardy, being observed to purchase weekly five loaves, was asked, what occasion he could

F

possibly

possibly have for so much bread? "One,"  
 "replied the honest fellow, "I take myself,  
 "one I throw away, one I return, and the  
 "other two I lend."—"How do you make  
 "this out?" said his neighbour. "Why,"  
 "returned the Farmer, "the one which I  
 "take myself, is for my own use; the se-  
 "cond, which I throw away, is for my  
 "mother-in-law; the loaf I return, is for  
 "my father; and the other two, which I  
 "lend, are those with which I keep my two  
 "children, in hopes that they will one  
 "day return them to me."—*Related by*  
*Lady Charlotte Finch.*

Once, in a large company, Dr. Busby  
 sat at table between Mrs. Lowth and  
 Mrs. Sherlock: the conversation turned  
 upon wives. Dr. Busby said, that he be-  
 lieved wives in general were good; though,  
 to be sure, there might be a bad one *here*,  
 and a bad one *there*.—*Related by Dr. War-*  
*burton.*

The late Earl of Abercorn was remark-  
 able, in early life, for the stiffness and aus-  
 terity of his manners. He is said to have  
 made the tour of Europe, in so perpendi-  
 cular a style, as never to have touched the  
 back

back of his carriage. Though at one part of his life he was much about Court, he never *boored*. When the present Queen landed from Germany, Lord Abercorn had the honour of receiving her at his house, where she and her suite slept. Soon after, his Lordship went to St. James's, when his Majesty thanked him for his attention to the Queen, saying, he was afraid her visit had given him a good deal of trouble: "A good deal, indeed," replied his Lordship.

His brother, who is a churchman, once solicited him to apply for a living, which was vacant, and in the gift of the Crown. It was worth near 1000*l.* a year.—Lord A.'s answer was equally laconic and substantial:—"I never ask any favours—Inclosed" is a deed of annuity for 1000*l.* a year.

"Yours, ABERCORN."

He generally visited his seat at Duddingstone, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, once a year, where he remained five or six weeks; but, contrary to the maxims of Scotch hospitality, he was highly offended if any person presumed to visit him without the formality of a card of invitation. Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, not aware of this, went to pay his respects to the noble Earl, and found him walking in a shrubbery which had

been lately planted.—The Doctor, wishing to pay a compliment to the soil, observed the shrubs had grown considerably since his Lordship's last visit. "They have nothing else to do," replied his Lordship; and immediately turning on his heel, left the Doctor, without uttering another word.—*Copied from the Public Advertiser.*

A Farmer, who had married a rich wife, after he had promised another of meaner circumstances, was endeavouring to palliate his conduct, when he was interrupted by a Vicar, who told him it was so very wrong, he did not know any thing like it.—"But I do," answered the Farmer: "it is like your taking a *poor living* at first, and leaving it for a *richer*, as soon as ever it fell in your way.—*Related by Lord North, now Earl of Guildford.*

A Nobleman's son at Winchester, being asked by the Queen how often he had been whipped since he had been there, answered emphatically,

*Infandum, regina, jubes,  
Renovare dolorem?*

—*Related by the same.*

At a dinner at one of the late sessions at the Old-Bailey, the Recorder, who presides there, and whose urbanity is not a little distinguishable, was pressing Judge Gould to eat some *jellies*, which came from *Birch* the pastry-cook, of Cornhill—"That may be, Mr. Recorder, said Judge Gould; "but though I am much obliged to you, "I don't stand in need of *Birch* and *jellies* "yet."—*Related by Mr. Wilkes.*

#### ASKING FOR A LIVING.

Not long ago, a very worthy Curate, and as simple as need be, finding that a neighbouring living was vacant, wrote to a gentleman who he thought could forward his pretensions. As his wife was going into that part of the country, he entrusted the letter to her care. The letter was in these words:

*Most worthy Sir,*

*Through the channel of my wife, I entreat your endeavours to oblige me. The living of — is become vacant; and if you could put me in, I should, God willing, never forget the obligation. My wife will return in two days; and any good wishes and endeavours to serve me, may be com-*

municated, by the blessing of Providence, through her means.

I am, most worthy Sir,

Your most devoted, &c.

J. H.

H. C. Esq.

Curate of —

The following Answer came back :

*To the Reverend —*

*Dear Sir,*

Your Wife having laid before me the whole matter of your request, I am sorry to tell you, the Thing is filled up. You cannot be more sorry than I am on this disappointment: but you may depend on it, should another opening present itself, I will stand your friend.

Yours, most truly, &c.

*—Taken from Topham's World.*

The Marquis Della Scalas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided; some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency. Soon after which, the Major-Domo, entering the dining-room in a great hurry,



hurry, told the Marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy ; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. " Regard not his price," cried the Marquis ; " pay him the money directly."—So I would, please your Highness, but he refuses to take any money."—" What, then, would the fellow have ?"—" An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my Lord ; he says he will not bate a single blow." On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. " A fine fish !" cried the Marquis : " What is your demand, my friend ?"—" Not a quatrini, my Lord," answered the Fisherman : " I will not take money. If your Lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back ; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere."—" Rather than lose the fish," said the Marquis, " we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here," cried he, to one of his grooms, " discharge this honest man's demands : but don't lay on too hard ; don't hurt the poor devil very much !" The Fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his Lordship's orders.

" Now,

“ Now, my friend,” said the Fisherman,  
 “ keep an exact account, I beseech you ; for  
 “ I don’t desire a single stroke more than  
 “ my due.” The whole company were  
 astonished at the amazing fortitude with  
 which the man submitted to the operation,  
 till he had received the fiftieth lash ; when,  
 addressing himself to the servant—“ Hold,  
 “ my friend,” cried the Fisherman : “ I  
 “ have now had my full share of the price.”  
 —“ Your share !” exclaimed the Marquis ;  
 “ What is the meaning of all this ?—“ My  
 “ Lord,” returned the fisherman, “ I have  
 “ a partner, to whom my honour is engaged  
 “ that he shall have his full half of what-  
 “ ever I receive for the fish ; and your  
 “ Lordship, I dare venture to say, will by  
 “ and by own that it would be a thousand  
 “ pities to defraud him of a single stroke.”—  
 “ And pray, honest friend,” said the Mar-  
 quis, “ who is this partner ?”—“ Your Por-  
 “ ter, my Lord,” answered the Fisherman ;  
 “ who keeps the outer gate, and refused to  
 “ admit me, unless I would promise him  
 “ half what I should obtain for the fish.”—  
 “ Ho ! ho !” exclaimed the Marquis, laugh-  
 ing very heartily, “ by the blessing of  
 “ heaven, he shall have double his demand  
 “ in full tale !” The Porter was accordingly  
 sent

sent for ; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The Marquis then ordered his steward to pay the Fisherman twenty sequins ; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had rendered him.—  
*Related by my Wife.*

As the late Duke of Bedford was one day on horseback, not far from Wooburn Abbey, in company with some gentlemen, his Grace observed four labourers making a hearty meal in the open field. Struck with a sudden whim, he rode up to the honest rustics, and asked them if they thought themselves perfectly happy ? Three of them replied, that, confining their wants to what God pleased to send them, they had not a wish in the world. But the fourth frankly confessed, that one thing was wanting to his felicity ; namely, the recovery of a spot of ground, a house, and a mill, which had been in the possession of his family for a long succession of years, and which his father had imprudently disposed of. “ And if you had this inheritance,” said the Duke, “ would you then be fully “ contented ? ” — “ As much so,” replied the  
the

the rustic, "as it is possible for man to be!"—"What is it worth?" resumed his Grace. "I could purchase it," returned the countryman, "for ninety guineas."—"Let this honest fellow have to that amount," said the Duke, turning to his steward; "I shall then have the satisfaction to reflect that I have at least rendered one man happy."—*Related by Mr. Rigby.*

When the renowned Admiral Haddock was dying, he begged to see his son, to whom he thus delivered himself—"Notwithstanding my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you only a small fortune; but, my dear boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well: there are no seaman's wages or provisions in it; nor is there one single penny of dirty money."—*Related by Lord Hawke.*

The tender-hearted Araminta loved her husband sincerely, for they had been but two months married. He constituted her sole felicity. Their desires and aversions were the same. It was Araminta's study, by diligent attention, to anticipate her husband's wishes. "Such a wife," says my male reader, who entertains thoughts of matrimony

trimony, "such a wife would I desire." And such a wife mayst thou enjoy! Araminta's husband fell sick of a very dangerous malady. "No hope," said the physician, and shook his awful wig. Bitterly wept Araminta—"O Death! might I prefer a petition! Spare, O spare, my husband, and let me be the victim in his stead." Death, to her astonishment, strait appeared. "And what," cried the grim tyrant, "is thy request?"—"There," said Araminta, trembling with fear and amazement, "there he lies, pierced with intolerable agony; he implores thy speedy relief: for heaven's sake, put him instantly out of his misery!"

James the Second, when Duke of York, returning from hunting one morning, found Charles II. unattended in Hyde-Park, at what was considered a perilous time. James expressed his surprise how his Majesty could venture alone in so public a place. "James," replied the King, "take care of *yourself*, and I am safe: no man in England will kill me, to make *you* king.—*Related by the Duke of Richmond.*

A late

A late Physician of Elgin, when on his death-bed, was visited by a neighbour, who with the kindness of friendship asked him, if there was any thing in which, after his death, he could oblige him?—"Be particularly kind to your three youngest children," replied the dying man, "*for they are all mine.*"—*Related by Sir John Elliot.*

Wilkes, dining one day at Dolly's chop-house, was seated near a brother Alderman, whom he accosted in most civil terms; but the Alderman, impatient for his dinner, gave a short and surly reply, calling out, "My steak! my steak! where's my steak, I say?" Which being brought him, Wilkes very happily observed to another friend, who sat near him, "You see the difference between this and the Bear-garden. Here the steak is brought to the Bear; there the Bear is brought to the stake."—*Related by Mr. Pitt.*

A Farmer, particularly sanguine in politics and patriotism, lately reproaching one of his country-members for his silence in the House, received the following very pertinent reply: "My good friend, I still do my duty;

“ duty ; for it is absolutely necessary that  
 “ among so many speakers there should be  
 “ a few hearers.”—*Related by Mr. Dundas.*

*A SCRIPTURAL MARRIAGE, without one  
 Word spoken.*

In the ancient city of Winton, lived a young Gentleman of a genteel easy fortune; and being often more attentive to the powerful charms of Belinda, who sat near to him in the church, than to expatiate on the words of the parson, their love grew more and more reciprocally united and heightened: but the young Gentleman being so smitten with Belinda, and Belinda equally struck with admiration of his personal beauty; yet had he not courage to give the attack in manner and form; but opens a gilded bible, folding a leaf, which easily led or pointed to her, the 2d Epistle of St. John, and the 5th verse: *And now I beseech thee, Lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.*—The young Lady previously having shewn it to her parents, who had not the least reason of disapproving the match, on account of his person, fortune, or character, employed the author to find

out a text in Scripture, which might fully correspond, and accomplish the design of the suitor. He therefore recommended to the young Lady, to fold down and hand into the pew of the Gentleman, the 1st chapter and 16th verse of Ruth, viz. *And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy People shall be my People; thy GOD my GOD; and where thou diest, will I die; and there will I be buried also: The LORD do so to me, and more also, if aught but Death part thee and me.* The next morning, the parents and parties concerned having settled the preliminaries, they were happily married, and now live a happy pair in Winchester aforesaid.—*Related by Dr. Lowth.*

The Ladies can, if they please, retaliate severely on those who treat them not with that respect which they merit. A Gentleman who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often, in conversation, to the beauty and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present Lady. "Excuse me, Madam," said he, "I cannot help expressing my re-

" grets



“ grets for the dear deceased.”—“ Upon  
 “ my honour, said the Lady, I can most  
 “ heartily affirm that I am as sincere a  
 “ mourner for her as you can be.”

There is an old lady now residing in Paris, whose custom it is (as she has been blind for many years past) to pass her hand all over the face of any person who is introduced to her. When Mr. Gibbon, the historian, was presented, he of course underwent the same ceremony as every other stranger did; but when she had done so for a few minutes, she turned about to some gentlemen who were standing near her, and angrily said to them, “ *Fi donc, c'est une mauvaise plaisanterie.*”—  
*Related by the Duke of Orleans.*

A Quack Doctor, remarkable for a hideous countenance, exerted himself very much to make an impression on the heart of a beautiful woman, who whispered her aversion to a friend near her in the following observation: That gentleman always puts me in mind of the six evils in the Litany, *Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death.*—*Related by Earl Nugent.*

A French Officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than his riches, had served the Venetian Republic with great valor and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day he waited on an *Illustissimo*, whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying ; the Noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the street through a suite of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them, lost in thought, till casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood, on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a showy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection, he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff, who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, " There! my poor " old friend! you see how these scoun- " drels enjoy themselves, and yet how we " are treated ! " The poor dog looked up in his master's face, and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on ; but the mastiff slackened his pace, and laying

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laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull brought all the sideboard in shivers to the ground, and deprived the insolent Noble of his favourite exhibition of splendor.—*Related by Lord Carlisle.*

The Popham family were lords of Burnham in the last century ; and we have a tradition among us, that an ancestor of this family, when a young university-blood, in company with two jovial companions, made too free with a gentleman's purse upon the road. Soon after, Popham repented, and his companions thought nothing less than a discovery would follow ; which in order to prevent, they led him to a wood, fastened his hands behind him, fixed one end of a halter round his neck, the other end to a limb of a tree, and in this situation left him seated upon his horse. Popham was under dreadful apprehensions of his approaching fate, and so much the more, as the grass grew short on which the horse had for a time very quietly fed ; but he now began to stretch the rope by extending his circuit ; and Popham, who had been humouring him with a jockey-whistle, began to cry out in great agony of soul, " Ho ! Ball ! ho ! Ball !" but at

the very instant he was about to swing off, he was relieved by one of his companions, who had divided from the other, and was returned back for that purpose. It happened that in a series of years Popham became a Judge, before whom his companion who had saved his life was convicted of a capital offence; and being asked why judgment of death should not pass, he mimicked the Judge's former tone of voice, and cried out, "Ho! Ball! ho! Ball!" The Judge, who now recollected his face, told the Court, that the prisoner appeared to be insane, and that he would respite sentence till next assizes, before which, he found means to get the culprit pardoned and provided for.

Women of quality, that marry tradesmen for their wealth, are a scourge to their husbands. Beside the shame they have to appear in their company, they affect to mortify them by the most intolerable manners. One of these, in order to thank her husband for the immense fortune with which he had enriched her, said to the good man, a few moments before she was delivered, in the presence of half the family, "This is suffering too much, merely to bring a plebeian into the world!" But mark the reverse.—A man  
who

who came from the very dregs of the people, but who possessed millions, married a German Princess, hoping by this manœuvre to raise his reputation. He was quickly afterwards held in the most sovereign contempt; but he found means to retaliate. Whenever the Princess expatiated on the genealogy of her ancestors, he covered the table with pieces of gold, and while he counted them, exclaimed, "This is my father, this is my grandfather, this is my great grandfather, and this is my great grandfather's grandfather." The Princess was presently softened, and eagerly sought the acquaintance of such useful relations!

A species of ready wit is often connected with the character of a sailor: and as whatever he conceives, he always thinks himself at liberty to express, let the company, the place, the time, be what it will, he has, of consequence, vast advantages over the bashful *bel esprit*. A couple of sailors, some years ago, went ashore at Charlestown, in Carolina. They naturally advanced towards a crowd which had gathered round the celebrated Whitfield, who was preaching with infinite vehemence against the sins of his audience. They arrived

rived just time enough to hear him say, with his utmost exertion of voice and gesture, “ and I, your pastor, your teacher, shall be forced to bear witness against you, at the awful day of judgment.” “ Hallo, Jack!” cried one of the Tars, whom the crowd had divided from his comrade, “ d— my eyes, if that is not just as it goes at the Old-Bailey: the greatest rogue always turns King’s evidence.”

Almost as many cities have contended about the birth of Judas Iscariot, as for that of Homer. The Isle of Corfee seems to have the strongest claim, as within the last century a family there affirmed themselves to be descended from that renegade Apostle. Pontius Pilate too has handed down his name and race to almost our own times; since in the time of Louis XIV. a gentleman, whose connexions were at Vienne in Dauphiné, owned that unsteady Magistrate for the stock whence his family were sprung, and produced a tolerable probable pedigree. It was this Viennois, of whom it is recorded, that he thus addressed a stranger who happened to be riding with him near a crucifix: “ That worthy gentleman,” said he, “ pointing to our Saviour, was very ill-  
“ treated

" treated by an ancestor of mine, some  
 " years ago."

About the year 1759 a remarkable adventurer, named Amine or Immen, found his way from India to London. His story, though very curious and interesting, is too well known to be a proper object for minute narration in this Work; and it is only touched upon here, in order to introduce the account of a laughable error into which his ignorance of the English language betrayed him. Although descended from an opulent family, a wild effort of juvenile patriotism had incited him to work his passage to Britain, in search of military knowledge and experience. He found his way, after many distresses, to Wapping; he met with still more distresses there; but at length his persevering spirit surmounted all obstacles; he became known and regarded; he received supplies from his father; and he rendered himself master of the science in the pursuit of which he set out. In the hours of his gaiety, the Editor, who was introduced to him, has heard him, with great humour, relate the following tale:—On his first landing in Wapping, the landlady desired to know his name; this puzzled him: his own country

country name, he thought, might sound ill in English ears ; he therefore determined to give in that appellation by which the sailors had called him during the whole voyage, and which, he supposed, though he did not comprehend it, must be entirely applicable to him ; so he innocently told the landlady, that his name was “ Cock-eyed son o-a-bitch,” that having been the term bestowed on him in the ship, by his marine associates.

Lady Archer, driving through Pall-Mall, exclaimed to her coachman, “ Why, John, “ I cannot make this horse answer the “ whip.”—“ Tickle him under the ———, “ and please your Ladyship,” replied honest John, “ and you will be sure to make him “ feel.”

The late Lord Holland, who loved and valued Doctor Campbell's company, was sitting one morning condoling with him on their mutual infirmities, and lamenting, with a considerable degree of petulance, the inconveniences to which the want of health subjected mankind, when advanced in years. The door opened, and a well-known Paymaster and Contractor entered the room, florid and full of health. They congratulated him



him on his sanquine looks.—“ Yes,” he said, “ Providence had been very good to him, for he had never known a moment’s sickness in his life.” This declaration by no means softened the asperity of Lord Holland’s countenance. The Contractor saw all was not right, and took his leave.

“ There now, Campbell, there now,” said the angry Peer, pointing to the door, “ you see what Providence has been about —taking care of that scoundrel’s health, forsooth! and not minding what becomes of your dropfical belly, or of my d—d ringworm.”

The following story, which is really authentic, and was delivered to the Editor immediately, from the inferior of the parties concerned, is at least interesting, as it exhibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleasing light, than that in which it is generally seen.

About five and thirty years since, a very worthy man, and one whose word may be relied on, went to St. James’s Palace to visit one of the Pages, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly (on his friend’s shutting the door after him),  
he

he half slipped, and half tumbled, down a whole flight of steps, and probably with his head burst open a closet-door. We say *probably*, because the unlucky visitor was so completely stunned with the fall, as not to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himself, on his recovery, sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and sitting, with infinite exactness, pieces of sticking-plaster to the variegated cuts which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's un-wig'd pate. For some time his surprise kept him silent; but finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and even picked up his wig, and replaced it on his battered head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received, and inquiries into the manner of his mishap. These were however instantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand towards the door of his closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired, taking more care of his steps downwards for the remainder of the staircase, and wondering how so much humanity and so much unfociableness

unfociableness could dwell in the same breast. His wonder (which, like all other wonder, was connected with folly), ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received to the first man in the kingdom; who, after having exercised the humanity of the *fellow-creature*, found too much of the *monarch* about him to support a familiar conversation with the person he had relieved.

A fire happening at a public-house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "because I have a long score upon it, which I shall never be able to pay."—*Related by Admiral Barrington.*

A Painter, who was somewhat jealous of his wife, having occasion to go abroad on particular business, begged she would consent to let him paint a lamb upon her belly, and that it might remain there till his return. The wife readily consented. Soon after the departure of the Painter, a jolly young merchant made warm love to

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his

his wife; and in a short time obtained, not only a grant, but *her real* favours. This gentleman, on a particular examination, observed the lamb upon her belly, and desired to give him leave to take his pencil and refresh the painting. This favour was also granted him. When the Painter returned, he examined the painting on his wife's *belly*, and observed that the lamb had got horns, though he had painted it without any; to which the wife replied, "My  
 " dear, consider it is upwards of a year  
 " since you have been gone; and if it was  
 " a lamb then, it must now be a sheep, and,  
 " according to the course of nature, should  
 " have horns."—*Related by Mr. Wilkes.*

As the Duke of Sully was going one morning into the chamber of Harry the Fourth of France, he met a lady whom he knew to have been with him on a private account. When Sully came, the King began to complain in a mournful tone, "Ah,  
 " Sully, I have had a fever upon me all this  
 " morning; it has but just left me." I  
 " know it, Sir, says Sully, for I met it  
 " going away all in green."—*Related by Lord Massarene.*

A pawn-

A pawnbroker being upon his death-bed, the priest who attended him held up a silver crucifix. The poor dying man, *forgetful of his Jesus*, fixed his eyes upon it, crying out in a faint tone, " I cannot lend much upon it." — *Related by the same.*

The origin of names is a subject which seems to have been hitherto superficially treated ; and there is not wanting reason to believe, that from the surname may be drawn very probable conclusions respecting, not only the trade or profession of the family's founders, but also their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accomplishments, or defects, and the degree of respectability in which they were held ; remarkable accidents which have happened to particular persons, are also frequently recorded in their surnames. Those resulting from personal descriptions, are probably much older than those from trades or professions, these not having been regularly exercised by particular persons, until nations were considerably advanced in civilization ; for, before that period, every man was his own smith, carpenter, mason, &c. and every man made his own clothes and shoes. But from the

earliest times it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out personal qualities or places of residence.—For *John*, the son of *John*, or *William*, would suit more than one; but *John Crookshanks*, the son of *John*, could only suit a bandy-legged man: and thus Mr. *Lightfoot*, Mr. *Golightly*, Mr. *Swift*, Mr. *Hopper*, Mr. *Ambler*, and Mr. *Jumper*, drew their names from the bodily agility of their first bearers; and Mr. *Heavysides*, Messieurs *Saunter*, *Onslow*, and *Waddle*, from the contrary quality. The *Pains*, *Akinbeads*, *Akinsides*, *Anguisbes*, and *Headakers*, owed their appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the *Wilds*, the *Sanguines*, the *Jays*, the *Merrys*, and the *Bucks*, announce their descent from a set of happy, thoughtless sinners of the earliest ages.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings; and their names may possibly point out the places where they were exposed. Among these are, *Townsend*, *Lane*, *Street*, *Churchyard*, *Court*, *Stair*, *Barn*, *Stable*, *Grange*, *Orchard*, &c. We must not, for fear of an action, trace back the ancestry of Mr. *Highwayman*; but that of Mr. *Gentleman* would probably do him credit.

Bastards

Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station, of their parents; thus, *Misson*, *Goodyson*, *Mellyson*, *Anson*, *Jennison*, *Bettison*, and *Nelson*, were called after their mothers names, those of their fathers being unknown. But *Misson* and *Goodyson* were visibly the produce of the *faux-pas* of *Miss*, and of *Goody*; whereas *Jenne-son*, *Nel-son*, *Bet-son*, &c. were the slips of dairy and milk maids, or other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates, whose fathers were known. *Master-son* and *Steward-son*, shew the children of the master and steward; while *Jack-son*, *Thomson*, and *Wilson*, were the misbegotten offspring of hinds, servants, and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of *Perry* was given to some pleasant, brisk, Worcestershire lad; and that of *Perkin*, to one of a like description, born in one of the cyder countries, of a weaker frame of body.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordinary names: many of them are probably corrupted from foreign; such as

Mr. *Bomgarten*, Mr. *Higgenbottom*, and divers others. The first is the German name for a tree-garden, *i. e.* an orchard; and the latter signifying in the same tongue *icken-baum*, an oak-tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of *Smith*, *Butcher*, *Baker*, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public-houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, as *John Ostler*, *Betty Chambermaid*, *Jenny Cook*, *Will Drawer*, and *Sam. Boots*.—*Related by Captain Grose.*

Mr. Gilbert's bill for the relief and better employment of the poor of England, has already produced a happy omen of its future salutary operations.

On Mr. Gilbert asking leave for bringing in this bill, among other instances of the poverty and depression of many worthy individuals, he stated the case of a Welsh Curate of about 30*l.* a year, who, with that miserable pittance, had to maintain a wife and nine children. This circumstance, which he stated to be a fact, was particularly taken notice of by one of the members



bers of the House, who communicated it to the Duke of Chandos.

His Grace, struck with the situation of one bred a gentleman, labouring under such difficulties, requested his friend to make proper inquiries about the truth of the relation, and the character of the party; and if he found them to be such objects as described, to present them, in his name, with a *twenty-pound bank-note*, and an assurance of future attention.

The gentleman, on inquiry, found the Curate was a very deserving, sensible man, with the family described; and though most of them, as may be supposed, were half naked, they were in such a train of education as did honour to the father's assiduity and firmness of mind. The boon, of course, was very desirable; it was accepted with gratitude, and the family emancipated from such distress as the feeling mind will readily conceive.

His Grace's beneficence, however, did not stop here. A living of about *one hundred pounds a year* falling in his gift within these few days, he has, unsolicitedly, presented this poor Curate to it, accompanied by a letter in his Grace's own hand,  
expressive

expressive of his happiness in having it in his power to relieve a worthy family.

Though the heart that dictates such an action asks not the feeble tribute of applause, it is the duty of the public to give it, and to hold the deed in grateful remembrance. Let it likewise shew to the wealthy the true use of riches; and to the great, that without this excellent gift of charity, the swell of title and clatter of nobility “are as a tinkling cymbal.”

It is well known, that at one time Lord Barrington was honoured with the favour of the distinguished Countess of H——. The Noble Lord one day calling in upon the famous statesman and wit, Charles Townshend, found him surrounded with a number of huge folios. “What!” exclaims Lord B. “do you read, Charles?” “I did not think that a man of your wit and fancy could be so studious.” “Good God!” replies Mr. Townshend, “do you think it strange that a man should read?—Do you never read?—Do you not now and then, my Lord, take a dip into Harrington’s ocean?”—*Related by Charles Fox.*

As

As grotesque an incident as any of those which pride has ever given rise to, is reported of a Peer, who in his day had acquired the appellation of the proud Duke of Somerset. A lady whom he had taken in second nuptials, with a degree of good-humoured ease, which most husbands would have cherished, seated herself rather suddenly on his knee, threw her arm round his neck, and saluted him. "Madam," said the unmanly formalist, "my first wife was a Percy, and she would not have taken such a liberty!"

It is said, too, of the same Nobleman, that he never permitted any servant to turn his back after he had delivered his message, but ordered that he should go out of the room backwards, with his face towards his master.—*Related by J. P. Andrews.*

The Cardinal de Lorraine, the hardness of whose heart has been celebrated in a former part of this work, had pride equal to his inhumanity. He was introduced one day, as we are told, by Brantome, to Donna Beatrice, of Portugal, Duchess of Savoy; and as he approached to salute her face, the lady, who was at least as haughty as himself, drew back with some disdain, and offered

offered him her hand to kiss. He, slighting that favour, still pressed forward towards her; and she still continuing to retire, the irritated Cardinal, springing onwards, caught her by the neck, and saluted her forcibly, three or four times. Astonished at this treatment, she exclaimed bitterly against the insolent priest, both in the Spanish and Portuguese tongues, but gained very little by it. “Am I,” said he, “to be subject to your caprices, Madam? I, who am used every day to salute my mistress the Queen of France?—And yet, forsooth, I am not to touch the cheek of a little\* dirty Duchesse like you!”

A Swedish Minister, having assembled the Chiefs of the Sasquehanah Indians, made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded; such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple, the coming of Christ to repair the mischief, his miracles and suffering, &c. When he had finished, an Indian orator stood up to thank him. “What you have told us,” said he, “is all very good: it is indeed bad to eat apples; it is better to make them all into cyder.

• “Une petite Duchesse crottée!”

“ cyder. We are much obliged by your  
 “ kindness in coming so far to tell us those  
 “ things which you have heard from your  
 “ mothers. In return, I will tell you some  
 “ of those we have heard from ours.

“ In the beginning, our fathers had only  
 “ the flesh of animals to subsist on; and if  
 “ their hunting was unsuccessful, they were  
 “ starving. Two of our young hunters  
 “ having killed a deer, made a fire in the  
 “ woods, to broil some parts of it. When  
 “ they were about to satisfy their hunger,  
 “ they beheld a beautiful young woman  
 “ descend from the clouds, and seat herself  
 “ on that hill which you see yonder among  
 “ the blue mountains. They said to each  
 “ other, ‘ It is a spirit that perhaps has  
 “ smelt our broiling venison, and wishes  
 “ to eat of it; let us offer some to her.’  
 “ They presented her with the tongue: she  
 “ was pleased with the taste of it, and said,  
 “ ‘ Your kindness shall be rewarded: come  
 “ to this place after thirteen moons, and  
 “ you shall find something that will be of  
 “ great benefit in nourishing you and your  
 “ children to the latest generations.’ They  
 “ did so, and to their surprise found plants  
 “ they had never seen before; but which,  
 “ from that ancient time, have been con-  
 “ stantly

“stantly cultivated among us, to our great  
 “advantage. Where her right hand had  
 “touched the ground, they found maize;  
 “where her left hand had touched it, they  
 “found kidney-beans; and where her  
 “backside had sat on it, they found to-  
 “bacco.” The good Missionary, disgusted  
 with this idle tale, said, “What I delivered  
 “to you were sacred truths; but what  
 “you tell me is mere fable, fiction,  
 “and falsehood.” The Indian, offended,  
 replied, “My brother, it seems your  
 “friends have not done you justice in your  
 “education; they have not well instructed  
 “you in the rules of common civility.  
 “You saw that we, who understood and  
 “practise those rules, believed all your  
 “stories; why do you refuse to believe  
 “ours?”—*From Dr. Franklin's Remarks con-  
 cerning the Savages of North America.*

## TALES, EPIGRAMS,

AND OTHER

*Flights of Wit and Humour.*

THE following Apologue, which appeared in an obscure periodical Paper, about twenty-five years ago, seems to the Editor worthy of being rescued from oblivion.

## " THE HAPPY ILLUSION.

" Pollio, a gentleman of taste and learning, and possessed of an ample fortune, a few years ago quitted the court and town, with all their splendid vices and follies, and retired, with his lady, to one of the finest villas in Europe. Pollio was led, by inclination and good sense, to exchange the scenes of ambition, hypocrisy, and madness, the regions of dust, smoke, and confusion, for the tranquil pleasures of a  
 I " rural

“ rural life ; but Flavia (for that is the name  
 “ of the Lady) was compelled, by fate and  
 “ cruel necessity, to forsake every object  
 “ her soul was enamoured of, and to retire  
 “ to the lonely seat of gloom and melan-  
 “ choly.

“ The spring was some way advanced when  
 “ they reached the country ; and Pollio was  
 “ quite enraptured with the beauty, cheer-  
 “ fulness, and elegance of every thing  
 “ around him ; he thanked heaven for the  
 “ happy exchange he had made ; and de-  
 “ termined, in himself, never more to re-  
 “ turn to London. Whilst Flavia sicken-  
 “ ed at the sight of all that is desirable or  
 “ lovely in nature ; she repined at her hard  
 “ fortune, which had at one stroke robbed  
 “ her of all her joys ; and cursed her cruel  
 “ fate, which had for ever banished her  
 “ to the mansions of solitude and sadness.

“ Nothing but this wayward humour in  
 “ Flavia, could possibly have given her hus-  
 “ band a moment's uneasiness ; and not all  
 “ the regard and tenderness of the most in-  
 “ dulent man on earth, could in any degree  
 “ lessen the chagrin and discontent of Fla-  
 “ via ;—when, lo ! at length, either by the  
 “ force of a distempered imagination, or by  
 “ the powers of magic, the whole face of  
 “ nature



“ nature appeared, in her eyes, to be  
 “ changed in a moment ; every object which  
 “ had before given her so much disgust,  
 “ vanished in an instant, and gave place to  
 “ such engaging scenes, as could not fail to  
 “ charm the breast of Flavia : for now the  
 “ pure stream which ran through the gar-  
 “ den delighted her with the lovely appear-  
 “ ance of Fleet Ditch ; the swans and ducks  
 “ which sailed and sported on its surface  
 “ were transformed, in her imagination, to  
 “ dead cats and puppies, rolling with the  
 “ muddy tide ; the flowers and shrubs with  
 “ which its banks were adorned, appeared  
 “ to her as so many heaps of dirt, ashes,  
 “ rotten cabbages, and filth of every hue ;  
 “ and she blessed the fragrant scent of ho-  
 “ ney-suckles, roses, jessamine, and violets,  
 “ when they saluted her nostrils in the form  
 “ of thick clouds and foggy steams, issuing  
 “ from the tallow-chandler’s shop.

“ The jets and fountains, which played  
 “ from a fine bason in the garden, and from  
 “ which Flavia was wont to turn away,  
 “ now charmed her very soul ; for, by a  
 “ slight and easy inversion, they appeared  
 “ as so many spouts and gutters, shooting  
 “ from the house-tops.

“ The green-house was no longer odious

“ in the eyes of Flavia ; for it seemed, at  
 “ once, transformed into a milliner’s shop ;  
 “ the temple, into a round-house ; and all  
 “ the little arbours, grots, and summer-  
 “ houses, into watch-boxes.

“ The lofty pines rose up in the forms of  
 “ spires ; and the tops of all the forest-trees  
 “ appeared so many stacks of chimneys ;  
 “ whilst the fruit-trees, in full bloom and  
 “ verdure, cheered the very heart of Flavia,  
 “ with the exact resemblance they bore to  
 “ painted signs.

“ When she beheld the oxen and kine  
 “ grazing in the meadows, and the sheep  
 “ and lambs feeding and sporting in the  
 “ fields, she smiled ; for she took the herd-  
 “ men and shepherds for blackguards ; and  
 “ fancied herself driving through Smith-  
 “ field market.

“ Flavia was no longer disgusted at the  
 “ blooming health of the country-lasses ;  
 “ for now they all appeared to her, em-  
 “ browned with dust and ashes, and she took  
 “ them for cinder-pickers ; the harvesters  
 “ were dustmen ; and the gardeners, ken-  
 “ nel-rakers.

“ Nor was she any longer offended at the  
 “ little songsters of the grove : for now the  
 “ blackbird seemed to cry—*sweep* ; the  
 “ song.

" song-thrush — *oysters* ; the sky-lark —  
 " *knives to grind* ; the linnet—*matches* ;  
 " the nightingales were *ballad-fingers* ; the  
 " cuckoo *talked slander* ; the magpies, rooks,  
 " and daws, were *agreeable company* ; and  
 " the owls—*watchmen*.

" When the stars shone out in all their  
 " beauty and splendour, she took them for  
 " goodly rows of lamps, and viewed them  
 " with the greatest pleasure.

" The glory of the sun no longer of-  
 " fended the eyes of Flavia : she no longer  
 " repined and fainted at the sweetness and  
 " serenity of the air ; for now she seemed  
 " for ever wrapped in one impenetrable  
 " cloud of smoke, dust, and fog.

" Surrounded with so many agreeable  
 " objects, Flavia could not fail of being in  
 " constant raptures ; in short, she fancied  
 " herself in London ; and thus happily de-  
 " ceived, she resumed all her wonted  
 " sprightliness and good-humour : whilst  
 " Pollio, who knew himself to be in the  
 " country, was doubly blest."

### GENUINE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

I, Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound  
 health of mind, but in great weakness of  
 body, do, by this my last will and testament,

bestow my wordly goods and chattels in manner following.

*Imprimis*—To my dear Wife :

One box of butterflies,  
One drawer of shells,  
A female skeleton,  
A dried cockatrice.

*Item*, To my daughter Elizabeth—

My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars ;

As also, my preparation of winter maydew, and embryo pickle.

*Item*, to my little daughter Fanny—

Three crocodile's eggs ;

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent—

The nest of a humming-bird.

*Item*, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgement for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath—

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

*Item*, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my

English weeds pasted on royal paper,  
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

*Item*,

*Item*, To my learned and worthy friend,  
Dr. Johannes Elscrickius, professor in Ana-  
tomy, and my associate in the studies of na-  
ture, as an eternal monument of my affection  
and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's testicles, and

Whale's penis,

To him and his issue male : and in default  
of such issue in the said Dr. Elscrickius, then  
to return to my executors and heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew  
Isaac, by making over to him some years  
since—

A horned scarabæus,

The skin of a rattle-snake, and

The mummy of an Egyptian King ;

I make no farther provision for him, in this  
my Will.

My eldest son, John, having spoken dis-  
respectfully of his little sister, whom I keep  
by me in spirits of wine, and in many other  
instances behaved himself undutifully to-  
wards me, I do disinheret, and wholly cut  
off from any part of this my personal estate,  
by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son, Charles, I give and  
bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals,  
mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, but-  
terflies,

terflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified; as also all my monsters, both wet and dry: making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last Will and Testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

# EXTEMPORE LUDICROUS MILTONIC VERSES,

TO THE LATE MRS. GARDINER.

FROM MR. JEPHSON.

**M**ADAM! I write an humble suitor to you.  
 There is an actress, Mrs. *Taplin* hight,  
 Whose benefit comes on next Saturday,  
 Fam'd *As You Like It* is the spectacle,  
 Invading Harlequin's the Interlude,  
 And plump *Miss Pope* plays *Dorothea Snip*.  
 To these succeeds, by way of *Petite Piece*,  
 The Masque of *Comus*, which the eyeless Bard  
 (*Britannia's Homer*) in immortal verse  
 Gave to th'admiring world, where moral  
 grave,  
 Pleasure's allurements, and the rebel rout  
 Of Bacchanalian Riot, Dance, and Song,  
 The

The cup of Circe, and the Sorcerer's wand,  
 Bright Spirits clad in weeds from Iris' woof,  
 And Sensuality with Porker's snout,  
 And virtuous Lady spurning liquorish baits,  
 Bold in the praise of sun-clad Chastity,  
 And Youths full of wise saws and sentences,  
 (The frequent lore of Eld's oft-razored lip)  
 In mingled measure charm the eye and ear.

A Dissertation on a Hobby-horse,  
 Pronounc'd by Mr. *Taplin*, crowns the scene.  
 Now hear the story of this *Taplin's* wife,  
 And the brief cause of my soliciting.

*Dyer*, who trod so long the various stage  
 In sock or buskin, (now he treads no more,  
 Save there be theatres in *Plato's* realm)  
 Her father was—the ancestors of *Tighe*\*  
 Cherish'd with fost'ring hand the blameless  
 man,

And *Tighe*, our friend to *Dyer's* only child,  
 Extends his kind protection: he to me  
 Has recommended her, and prays me join  
 To his my intercession, that your form,  
 Fairer than *Paris* lov'd, or *Xeuxis* drew,  
 May grace a side-box at her benefit.

*Minchint* and *Boyd*,† and many a comely  
 nymph,

Fond

\* Mr. Edward Tighe, a very respectable character,  
 well known in the literary and theatrical circles of  
 Great Britain and Ireland.

† Afterwards Mrs. V. Montgomery.

‡ Now Countess of Carhampton.

Fond to be seen, but fonder to oblige,  
 Bring with you : room there is enough for all,  
 Tho' your whole mother\* swell the company.

But, oh ! whatever you determine, Lady !  
 Apprize me quickly, by a written note,  
 Or message verbal, or a kinder call  
 On me or consort near the Castle-Hall.

*April 1776.*

R. J.

## D I A L O G U E.

STREPHON.

Canst thou behold those violets  
 Insensibly, my Fair,  
 Die on that bed, and all those sweets  
 Evaporate in air ?

LAURA.

Where would you have them die ?

STREPHON.

Oh ! there,  
 My Laura, I desire,  
 There let them spend their sweetness—  
 where  
 I could myself expire.

The

\* A Lady remarkable for her beauty and *embonpoint*.



The writer of the following lines was a journeyman to a tradesman near Charing-Cross; and this specimen of his abilities was occasioned by a resolution in his master, for certain reasons founded upon experience, never to advance money to his workmen before it was earned. But the Muse sung not in vain; his wants were instantly supplied.

## LEWIS'S WANTS.

|                                                      |              |
|------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| An ordinary bed, so the tackle's but<br>clean;       | <i>shil.</i> |
| The price, I believe, may be shillings<br>eighteen.  | 18           |
| A bedstead, I care not how clumsy 'tis<br>made,      |              |
| So the fleas and the bugs are but of it<br>afraid.   | 12           |
| A small pair of bellows, that blows a<br>good blast, |              |
| And a kettle of tin that a twelvemonth<br>will last. | 4            |
| A grate I have got, though 'tis not<br>very stout,   |              |
| Poker, shovel, and tongs, I cannot<br>do without.    | 4            |
|                                                      | Two          |

Two chairs I must have—as plain as *fil.*  
 you please,  
 Without painting, or carving, or  
 cushions for ease, - - - 3  
 A mop and a brush, that will give many  
 scrubs,  
 A broom, and a pail, and a couple of  
 tubs ; - - - 6  
 A large earthen steen, that my Sally  
 may'nt pop  
 So often for beer to the chandeler's shop. 2  
 A pan for to fry now and then a good  
 steak,  
 With some ord'nary plates that won't  
 easily break ; - - - 3  
 A table, no matter if old 'tis as Adam,  
 What a pleasure t'woud be to look  
 round, if I had 'em. - - - 8  
 How blest I should be, if a friend I had  
 found,  
 To assist a poor rogue with the sum of  
 three pound. - - - £. 3 0

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MR. COLLIN ROOPE.

Go, fragrant flowers, forsake your clay-  
 cold bed ;

Thrive in the sunshine of Lisetta's eye :  
 Live

Live in its beam, beneath its lustre fade ;  
Bloom on her breast, and in her bosom  
die.

There, from those charms unwilling to  
remove,

O, let each flow'ret—emblematic wreath !  
Live its short hour, expressive of my love,  
That fades to fall, nor languishes till  
death.

Emblem of youth ! in beauty's charms ar-  
ray'd,  
Blush like the morn, and close with  
closing day ;

Then, radiant wreath ! go teach the lovely  
Maid,  
Since life is short, 'tis wisdom to be gay.

### TO MISS'S DOLL.

Fav'rite idol ! mystic toy !  
All the sex's first employ—  
Zealous off'ring at thy shrine,  
Their first-fruits of all that's fine,  
That propitious thou may'st bless,  
And adapt their hands to dress,—  
Teach them ever how to be  
New in changeability.—  
Thee, methinks, express I view,  
Woman's prototype most true ;

Do in thee already see  
 What hereafter Miss will be,—  
 When prepar'd to practise o'er  
 All the lessons learn'd before:—  
 Yet, when all is done that can,  
 'Tis to be the *Toy of Man*.

## EPIGRAM.

Says Harry to Dick, "Come, be of good  
 " cheer!  
 " The Ministry soon will be chang'd, as I  
 " hear."  
 —" Good news!" replies Dick, " but it  
 " better would be  
 " If in Chang'd you could fairly omit  
 " letter C."

## THE CONJUGAL BANQUET.

Twelve sorts of meats my wife provides,  
 Nor fails me of a dish;  
 Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,  
 The other four of fish.  
 For the first course, she stores my board  
 With birds, that dainties are,  
 And first a quail,\* and next a rail,  
 A bittern and a jar.†

With

\* *Quail* for *Quarrel*, or rather *Quell*. See Johnson's Dictionary.

† *Jar*, an old word for the *Ruff* and *Ree*, from their quarrelling.

With these my appetite, when cloy'd,  
 For fish she renders sharp,  
 And serves me up a lump, a pont,\*  
 A gudgeon, and a carp.  
 Then the dessert with fruit abounds,  
 All fitting well the season,  
 A medlar and an artichoke,  
 A crab and a small raisin.  
 Now can a man have such a wife,  
 And not upon her doat,  
 Who every day provides him fare,  
 Which costs him not a groat?

*Written by H. WOODWARD, the Comedian,  
 on Sir JOHN HILL.*

Busy, curious, crazy Hill,  
 Write of me, and write thy fill,  
 Freely welcome to abuse,  
 Couldst thou tire thy railing Muse.  
 Make the most of this you can;  
 Strife is short, and life's a span.  
 Both alike thy pen and pay  
 Hasten quick to their decay;  
 This a trifle, that no more,  
 Tho' repeated to threescore.  
 Threescore volumes, when they're writ,  
 Will appear, at last, b——t.

K 2

EPI-

\* A Whiting-Pout.

## E P I G R A M.

Quoth Ned to his neighbours, as onward  
 they press'd,  
 Conveying his wife to her place of long rest,  
 " Take, friends, I beseech you, a little  
 " more leisure ;  
 " For why should we thus make a toil of a  
 " pleasure ?"

## O N L A D Y A——.

Was any thing more different seen  
 Done by the powers of white and red ?  
 Through the whole day she blooms fifteen,  
 And goes a grandmother to bed !

Some time since, I spent a few hours of  
 pleasing reflexion in St. Pancras Church-  
 yard. In viewing the sepulchres of the  
 dead in that ancient repository, my eye was  
 caught by a very humble grave-stone, which  
 had lain upon the ground so long, that the  
 inscription on the stone was almost unfaithful  
 to its trust. With some difficulty I copied  
 the lines from it, and surely their beauties  
 will recommend them to every reader of  
 sensibility. What a pity, that this stone  
 is not placed against the wall ! It lies nearly  
 opposite to the celebrated Miss Bafnet's ; and  
 the

the inscription in a few years, from the number of people treading on it, will be obliterated.

ERECTED to the MEMORY of Mrs. ANN COOPER.

Ah, *Shade rever'd!* this fond memorial take,

'Tis all, alas! thy *sorrowing child* can make :  
On this faint stone to mark thy parent worth,

And claim the spot that holds thy fainted earth.

This clay-cold shrine—the corpse enshrouded here,

This holy hillock—*bath'd with many a tear* :  
These kindred flow'rs that o'er thy bosom grow,

Fed by the precious dust that lies below ;  
Even these rude brambles that embrace thy head,

And the green sod that forms thy sacred bed ;  
Are richer—dearer, to this filial heart,  
Than all the monuments of proudest art.

Yet, yet a little, and thy child shall come  
To join a mother in her hallow'd tomb.

This only spot of all the world is mine,  
And soon my dust, sweet saint, shall mix  
with thine."

## I M P R O M P T U

*On Miss FRODSHAM, the best and most bewitching Rosalind that ever graced the Stage; but off the Stage, a great flattern.*

In Colman's garden\* (truth to tell)  
 'Thou art a lovely *nonpareil*;  
 But in thy own, thy best friends blab,  
 'Thou'rt but an ordinary *crab*.

About thirty years ago, a man of the name of Joseph Lewis, a journeyman comb-maker, sent the following verses to Mr. Garrick, to whom, in justice, it ought to be rendered, that, on being ascertained that Lewis was the author, he granted him the prayer of his petition, by giving him a benefit.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

*The humble Petition of LAUNCELOT POVERTY-STRUCK, a little bit of an Author, but the Devil a bit of a Squire,*

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner has writ,  
 In hopes to beg a benefit,  
 'Cause none has greater need of it:

Herein.

\* The Haymarket Theatre.



Herein your clemency is great,  
 I thought if I'd my case relate,  
 That your compassion 'twould create,

I dreamt that you had done the thing,  
 And was as happy as a king ;  
 Zounds ! how I did begin to sing.

For you I made then several prayers,  
 One for your health and length of years :  
 In short, I pray'd till I shed tears.

My last prayer I shall ne'er forget,  
 Which was, that you might Solomon beat,  
 Both for his riches and his wit.

So much, then, by way of preface,  
 Now Launcelot's most wretched case,  
 The consequence must next take place.

The times are hard, and trading's dead,  
 Money's grown scarce, and friendship's fled,  
 And Launcelot's in want of bread.

He to support himself's not able,  
 For he, poor soul (without a fable),  
 Is really grown most miserable.

What's worst of all, his wife has took  
 A fit at every turn to puke ;  
 God knows how she'll her matters cook.

She

She has got a belly like a ton,  
And whimp'ring, cries, I'm eight months  
gone ;

Tell me, dear Sir, what's to be done.

If she should chance to drop out two,  
Suppose I bring them both to you,  
Pray tell me how the scheme would do ?

Why sure you would not swear nor curse,  
But, Christian like, provide a nurse ;  
You know you might do things that's worse.

Beside, consider Launcelot,  
To his misfortune, woeful thought,  
Has two already starving got.

If my wife's name you'd know, 'tis Sary,\*  
I us'd to call her duck and deary,  
But poverty makes language vary.

When he, fatigu'd, comes home at night,  
Poor soul, she's in a horrid plight ;  
She has neither victuals, drink, nor light.

The children then begin to cry,  
Daddy, I'm hungry and dry :  
But neither bread nor beer have I.

\* For Sarah.

Brimfull

Brimfull of Scripture, down they lay  
Upon the bed, to fast and pray  
For strength enough—to *fast next day*.

The shops with whom I us'd to tick,  
Are grown imperious and sick,  
And talk of giving trouble quick.

His landlord's heart's as hard as flint ;  
If there's one grain of mercy in't,  
There never was a lie in print.

Not one from his hard threatening flinches,  
While cold and hunger closely pinches,  
And kills his family by inches.

Had he now such a friend as *Ranger*,  
To save him from impending danger ;  
Gods! there'd be goodness in a stranger.

The muse would for a month read lectures  
On *Romeo*, the best of actors,  
And noblest of all benefactors.

Apollo'd never let him sit  
To study, but would give him wit  
To polish every line he writ.

The gods would all in council join,  
To make him, like themselves, divine,  
Which surely would be very fine.

Fortune

Fortune would steal from some rich knave,  
Enough to double what he gave  
To me, his poor devoted slave.

LAUNCELOT POVERTY-STRUCK,  
*alias* JOE LEWIS,

*At the Sign of the Lamb, facing Salisbury-  
street, in the Strand.*

Where, with submission, you may send  
The smallest trifle, by a friend;  
But, 'twill be no lie, to end the letter,  
To say, the more you send, the better.

E P I G R A M.

Do you, said Fanny t'other day,  
In earnest, love me as you say?  
Or are those tender words applied  
Alike to fifty girls beside?  
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;  
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—  
—She stopp'd me as the oath I took,  
And cried, You've sworn, now kiss the book.

An attack on a packet near Calais, in which  
the Duchess of Devonshire was a passenger,  
during the American war, gave birth  
to the following couplet.

Fight, Frenchmen, fight, war's thunder-  
bolts be hurl'd,

And make her captive who enslaves the  
world!

UNDER THE ROMAN HISTORIAN'S PIC-  
TURE.

This kifs-my-a— face is the picture of  
one,  
Who through all the religions of Europe has  
run,  
And settles at last in believing in none ;  
But if you would know the true state of  
the case,  
The man that has got this kifs-my-a—  
face,  
Is a man that will kifs any a— for a place.

A WINTER-PIECE.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came  
down the snow,  
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter  
blast did blow,  
When a damsel, all forlorn, quite bewilder'd  
in her way,  
Prest her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus  
did say :  
“ Oh ! cruel was my father, that shut his  
door on me,  
And cruel was my mother that such a sight  
could see ;

And

And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my  
heart with cold ;

But crueller than all, the lad that left my  
love for gold !

Hush, hush ! my lovely baby, and warm  
thee in my breast :

Ah ! little thinks thy father how sadly we're  
distrest :

For, cruel as he is, did he know but how  
we fare,

He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter-  
piercing air.

Cold—cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little  
life is gone :

Oh ! let my tears revive thee, so warm that  
trickle down :

My tears that gush so warm, oh ! they freeze  
before they fall :

Ah wretched,—wretched mother ! thou'rt  
now bereft of all."

Then down she sunk, despairing, upon  
the drifted snow,

And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented  
loud her woe :

She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it  
by her side ;

Then cast her eyes to heaven ;—then bow'd  
her head, and died.

A. —

## ACCOUNT OF MODERN JUSTICESHIP

' Pray send me the Ax re Latin to Augustus Peas.'

My motto is a true and genuine specimen of the profound learning of a modern Justice, and to whom Shakspeare's Shallow was not fit to hold a candle: it was an order from one of that learned body to his book-feller, to send him the acts relating to a Justice of Peace; and doth sufficiently display his capacity of judging of the laws, and deciding the differences and disputes amongst his Majesty's good subjects. And there can be, I think, no doubt, but, as soon as he got the ax, he hewed the laws with wonderful skill and ability. How many such worshipful magistrates there are in the kingdom, I cannot pretend to say; but whoever will look back for thirty years past, will confess that there has, in that time, been a very extraordinary alteration in the general justiceship of this kingdom.

Gentlemen of honour and fortune, in their several counties, used to be appointed, and thought it no disgrace to act as Justices; but since faction has shed its baneful influence, and every thing has been carried by the current of corruption; since party-zeal,

L

and

and a ready subserviency to ministerial measures, have been thought the most necessary qualifications for a magistrate; and since a lower set of people, as being properest for such sinister purposes, have been advanced to the seat of justice; gentlemen of honour and fortune have, in general, not caring for such work, or such company, declined acting. And it is very remarkable that, as within that period the general administration of justice throughout the kingdom has sunk into the hands of a lower class of people, so within that time also the power of a Justice has risen, and been proportionably increased.

Great power being on such principles, and for such purposes, thus lodged in little minds, is it to be wondered at, if many of them should turn justice into a trade; or if some of them should be so illiterate as not to be able to read? What a droll scene it must be, and what a fund of mirth it must afford, to see his Worship, Augustus Peas, sitting in the chair of magistracy, and hear him learnedly discussing the laws, and deciding justice! While I was considering what a comical farce it would make, and was musing on the drollery of the scene, I insensibly fell asleep; when mimic fancy,  
 ever



ever busy, pursued the subject, and presented to me the following farce.

Methought I saw his Worship, Augustus Peas, sitting in an elbow-chair, at the head of a long table, with a book, pen, ink, and paper thereon, and a group of people, men and women, attending at the lower end thereof, when his Worship bade a boy step to the stable, and tell John Scrub to come immediately: John, with his short cropt hair and dirty frock, presently came in, took his seat by his Worship, and laid hold of the pen and ink. Then Mr. Augustus, with great solemnity, said—‘ Master Constable, what defence hath been committed? ‘ What crime hath been disturbed? And ‘ how hath his Majesty’s peas been broke ‘ and vindicated?’

*Constable.* ‘ An please your Honour’s Worship, here’s one Mary Blabtruth hath lost ‘ a smock, and says that Dorothy Lightfinger hath stolen it: an so, an please ‘ you, I have brought both them before ‘ your Worship.’

*Mr. Augustus.* ‘ A smock stolen! Why, ‘ that’s downright forjury by law. Bring ‘ the complainant, Dorothy Lightfinger, ‘ before me.’

*Const.* ‘ This is the woman, an please ‘ your Worship.’

*Mr. August.* 'Hussey! how came you to  
' have the fire of God before your eyes,  
' and steal the woman's smock? You are  
' an equitous baggage, and will be hang'd!

*Dor. Lightf.* 'An please your Worship,  
' I did not steal her smock.'

*Mr. August.* 'Why, how now! here's the  
' woman confesses she did not steal the  
' smock. Where's the defendant, Mary  
' Blabtruth?'

*Const.* 'Here she is, an please your Wor-  
' ship.'

*Mr. August.* 'How came you to discharge  
' Dorothy Lightfinger with stealing your  
' smock? for she denies her innocence of it.'

*Mary Blab.* 'An please your Worship,  
' my smock was hanging on a gooseberry-  
' bush in the garden, and I saw Dorothy  
' Lightfinger take it off with my own eyes.'

*Dor. Lightf.* 'An please your Worship,  
' there's no belief in what she says; for—

*Mr. August.* 'Peas, woman! peas! I for-  
' bid you to hold your tongue!'

*Mary Blab.* 'Indeed, an please your Wor-  
' ship, what I say is true: I looked through  
' the kitchen-window, and saw her take it;  
' for I was, at that very time, frying bacon  
' for my husband's dinner.'

*Mr. August.* 'Frying bacon, woman! was  
' you frying bacon?'

*Mary*

*Mary Blab.* ‘ Yes, an please your Wor-  
 ‘ ship, and some cabbage, for my husband’s  
 ‘ dinner : he desired me.’

*Mr. August.* ‘ Where is this woman’s hus-  
 ‘ band ?’

*Tho. Blab.* ‘ Here, an please your Wor-  
 ‘ ship.’

*Mr. August.* ‘ Did you desire your wife  
 ‘ to fry bacon for your dinner ?’

*Tho. Blab.* ‘ Yes, an please your Wor-  
 ‘ ship, with some cabbage.’

*Mr. August.* ‘ Here’s a plot found out !  
 ‘ Here’s a miscovery ! Why, frying bacon  
 ‘ is a high misdammer by law ; and you  
 ‘ shall both go to the girlhouse, and be  
 ‘ hanged !—Master Constable, take them  
 ‘ into curstoday.—And do you, John  
 ‘ Scrub, make out their mittamouse ; for  
 ‘ they shall go to gaol this instance !’

*Const.* ‘ What would your Worship please  
 ‘ to have done with Dorothy Lightfinger ?’

*Mr. August.* ‘ Oh, charge her, and let her  
 ‘ go about her baseness.’

Methought John made out the mittimus,  
 and the constable carried off the bacon-  
 fryers, and the rest of the company were  
 sent away ; and while I was wondering what  
 his Worship could mean by committing the  
 man and his wife for frying bacon, the

scene changed, and a Court of Judicature, with all its formalities, presented itself: the Judge was sitting on the bench, and a numerous body of black gowns, and others, attending; and Mr. Augustus Peas came into court, and seated himself not far from his Lordship; when the trial of Thomas and Mary Blabtruth, for frying bacon, was called. ‘For frying bacon!’ quoth the Judge—‘What is the meaning of this? I never heard that frying bacon was a crime, or against law, before! Who committed these persons?’

*Mr. August.* ‘I committed them, my Lord: it is against law, and a high misdammer.’

*Judge.* ‘Pray, Mr. Justice, show me that law; for I never heard of such a one in all my life.’

*Mr. August.* ‘Here is the book, my Lord, and here is the place!’ giving the book to his Lordship. The Judge, having cast his eye upon the page, burst out into a loud laugh; and, with much ado for laughing, acquainted the Court, that the law which Mr. Augustus had taken to be against frying bacon, was that against firing a beacon; which put the whole Court into such a loud ‘ha! ha!’ as awaked me.

## A THOUGHT

*At the Grave of JOSEPH HIGHMORE, Esq.  
in Canterbury Cathedral.*

*Ob. 3. Mar. 1780, æt. 88.*

Artist or sage, by chance or leisure led,  
To view these fond memorials of the dead,  
Pause o'er this stone, to worth and genius  
just,

And learn what here is crumbling into dust!  
An eye, a hand, whose magic powers could  
save,

From age and death, the beauteous and the  
brave;

Could bid late times admire each Gunning's  
charms,

And \* Wolfe, and \* William bloom, still  
green in arms:

A head, which daily added to its store  
Of useful knowledge, and yet sought for  
more:

A heart, to pity prone, in age, in youth,  
Warm'd with the love of virtue and of  
truth:

A mind—"Not so," *Religion* smiling cries,  
"That spurns the grave, and triumphs in  
"the skies."

THE

\* All painted by him:

THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE TO HIS  
MASTER,\*

*Who had sentenced him to die at the End of  
the Summer, on account of his being unable,  
from extreme Old-age, to live through the  
Winter.*

And must thou fix my doom, sweet master?  
say,

And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and  
poor?

A little longer let me live, I pray,

A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,  
And house within this hospitable shed;

It glads me *more* to see my master's face,  
And linger near the spot where I was  
bred.

For ah! to think of what we both enjoy'd  
In my life's prime, ere I was old and  
poor,

When, from the jocund morn to eve em-  
ploy'd,

My gracious master on this back I bore.

Thrice

\* The Rev. Mr. Potter, at Scarning in Norfolk,  
to whom the public is indebted for the admirable  
Translations of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*.

Thrice told ten years, have danc'd on down  
 along,  
 Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I  
 gave,  
 Sweet-smiling years ! when both of us were  
 young,  
 The kindest master, and the happiest  
 slave.

Ah ! years sweet-smiling, now for ever flown !  
 Ten years, thrice told, alas ! are but a day ;  
 Yet, as together we are aged grown,  
 Together let us wear our age away.

For still, the times behind are dear to  
 thought,  
 And rapture mark'd each minute as it  
 flew ;  
 To the light heart all-changing seasons  
 brought  
 Pains that were soft, or pleasures that  
 were new.

Ah ! call to mind how oft, near Scarning's  
 stream,  
 My steps were bent to yonder muse-trod  
 grove ;  
 There, she who lov'd thee was thy tender  
 theme,  
 And I the chosen messenger of love.

On the gale's pinion, with a lover's care,  
 E'en with the speed of thought did I not  
 go—

Explore the cottage of thy absent fair,  
 And eas'd thy sick'ning bosom of its  
 woe?

And when that doubting heart still felt  
 alarms,  
 Throbbing alternate with its hope and  
 fear,

Did I not bear thee safely to her arms,  
 Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And ah! forget not, when the fever's power  
 Rag'd sore, how swift I sought the ze-  
 phyr's wing,

To cool thy pulses in the fragrant bower,  
 And bathe thy temples in the clearest  
 spring!

Friend to thy love, and health, and not a  
 foe

E'en to the Muse who led thee on to  
 fame;

Yes, e'en thy lyre to me some charms may  
 owe,

And fancy kindles into brighter flame.

And



And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master,  
say ?

And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and  
poor ?

A little longer let me live, I pray,  
A little longer hobble round thy door.

Nor couldst thou bear to see thy servant  
bleed,

Though weeping pity has decreed his fate ;  
Yet ah ! in vain thy heart for life shall  
plead,

If Nature has denied a longer date.

Alas ! I feel, 'tis nature dooms my death ;

Ah me ! I feel 'tis pity gives the blow—

Yet, ere it falls, ah ! *Nature*, take my breath,  
And my kind master shall no sorrow  
know.

Ere the last morn of my allotted life,

A softer fate shall end me, old and poor,  
May timely save me from th' uplifted knife,  
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

PARIS, OCTOBER 4, 1789.

The following Interrogatory Dialogue, in  
the English Language, and verbatim as I  
send it, was last Friday night pasted on  
the Gates of the Louvre. 'The fortunate  
few

few who have been able to procure a Copy of it, are all busy in translating it into French, for the benefit of those who do not understand English.

What is the King?

A poor thing.

Where is the Queen?

In the spleen.

Where is the Nation?

Kick'd out of its station.

What are the States?

What all the world hates.

What are they doing?

Undoing.

And where is poor Necker?

Lost in the Exchequer.

And what is all France?

A song and a dance.

And whence all this rankling?

From good Dr. Franklin.

Why are we thus frantic?

Ask 'cross the Atlantic.

Why thus in debt?

Ask La Fayette.

But we are Free, they say?

*Comme vous voyez.*

What are the Nobles?

Ignobles.

What

What are the Monks ?

Male Punks.

And what the TIERs ETAT ?

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

What is the Host ?

A Ghost.

And what are Saints ?

Vile paints.

But what are Patriots, then ?

Ambitious men.

How save the Nation ?

By desperation.

Who made us poor ?

A Whore.

What's to be done ?

Strike home, and run.

### ARCHERY.

The following Stanzas have, what is, perhaps, the best praise in song-writing, viz. much of Captain Morris's manner ; —a manner whose excellence is the best ; “ *Cum ratione insanire* ” —in the unexpected application of literature and science, to stir up mirth and glee.

---

“ For he

“ A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on,

“ And, laughing, could instruct.”

Gay Phoebus, the patron of Poets below,  
 O, aid me of Archers to sing ;  
 For thou art accounted the God of the Bow,  
 As well as the God of the String,  
 My old Buck.

The fashion of shooting, 'twas you that  
 began,  
 When you shot forth your beams from  
 the skies ;  
 The rogue Cupid was first in pursuing  
 your plan,  
 And the Goddesses shot with their eyes  
 The bright Girls.

Diana, who slaughter'd the brutes with her  
 darts,  
 Ne'er hit but one lover, or so ;  
 For Venus was better in aiming at hearts,  
 And had always more strings to her bow,  
 The sly Jade.

On beautiful Iris, Apollo bestow'd  
 A bow of unparalleled hue ;  
 It soon grew her hobby-horse, and, as she  
 rode,  
 Like an arrow shot from it, she flew,  
 Gaudy Dame.

To earth came the art of the archers, at  
 last,  
 And was follow'd with eager pursuit ;  
 But

But the sons of Apollo all others surpass'd,  
With such very long bows did they shoot,  
Lying Dogs.

Ulysses, the hero, was known, long ago,  
In wisdom and strength to excel ;  
So he left in his house an inflexible bow,  
And a still more inflexible belle,  
Lucky Dog.

The Parthians were bowmen of old, and  
their pride  
Lay in fighting and scamp'ring too :  
But the Britons thought better the sport to  
divide,  
So they shot, and their enemies flew—  
The brave Boys !

Be a health to the brave British bowmen,  
our song,  
They can almost take aim in the dark ;  
Their bows are so staunch, and their strings  
are so strong,  
And their arrows fly strait to the mark,  
British Boys.

## A NURSE'S SPEECH

*To an Alderman's Child, while she was undressing it. Taken in Short-hand from her own Mouth.*

The Child cries, while Nurse sings,

Heigh, baby-bunting!

Pappy's gone a hunting.

DIDS 'em, dids 'em vex my child? What does my child cry for? Did 'em take my child's hobby-horse? O de blessing on it, 'tshall have it den again, and ride abroad with it's nown pappa.—Go, naughty daddy, go! What ride abroad, and not take it's nown child with it! We'll tell mamma. It shall be a Lord-mayor itself, some time or other, and ride in it's nown coach; aye, that it shall, and it's old nurse shall ride with it. [Child cries louder]. Hush-aden! hush-ac'er! Won't it be a Lord-mayor? It shan't be a Lord-mayor, then! It shall be any thing, so it won't cry so. Hush-aden! Did I say it should be a Lord-mayor, and 'front mine nown child? It shan't be a Lord-mayor: it shall be a Judge or a Bishop; for I'm sure my child would make as good a Judge or a Bishop as any Judge or Bishop among them. Ded a blefs it! 'tis quieter now.

now. Aye, aye, it shall be a Bishop; and old nurse will make it so. Hush-aden! what if an old woman should make it so? [Nurse having stripped it, it cries louder than before.] Well, Lord ha' mercy on me! who'd be a Nurse?—O thee'rt a tiresome brat! What, never leave crying? Well, I won't huff it no more: come, den, piddle in the fire like a man!

## S T A N Z A S,

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

ASK'ST thou, "how long my love shall stay,

"When all that's new is past?"

How long? ah, Delia! can I say

How long my life will last?

Dry be that tear—be hush'd that sigh;

At least, I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,

The thought of Damon's death?

That he who only lives for you

Must yield his faithful breath?

Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,

Nor let us lose our heaven here!

## DELIA TO DAMON.

*In Answer to the foregoing Stanzas.*

Think'ſt thou, my Damon, I'd forego  
 This tender luxury of woe,  
 Which, better than the tongue, imparts  
 The feelings of impaſſion'd hearts;  
 Bleſt, if my ſighs and tears but prove  
 The winds and waves that waſt to love.

Can true affection ceaſe to fear?  
 Poor is the joy not worth a tear!  
 Did paſſion ever know content?  
 How weak the rapture words can paint!  
 Then let my ſighs and tears but prove  
 The winds and waves that waſt to love.

The Cyprian bird, with plaintive moan,  
 Thus makes her faithful paſſion known;  
 So Zeph'rus' breathes on Flora's bow'rs,  
 And charms with ſighs the queen of flow'rs!  
 Then let my ſighs and tears but prove  
 The winds and waves that waſt to love.

## MARQUIS TOWNSHEND'S VERSES,

*On his Niece, Miſs GARDINER.*

As late Florinda on her death-bed lay,  
 And felt compos'd each vital pow'r decay;  
 No



No longer science could her bloom sustain,  
 And kindred tears \* in show'rs fell in vain :  
 The sun meridian glimmer'd to her eye,  
 And panting breath announc'd her end was  
 nigh.

She turn'd, and, smiling, ask'd, " When  
 shall I die ?

In realms above my long-mourn'd mother  
 join !

See, see her arms stretch'd out to meet with  
 mine !

Adieu, pure soul ! with rapture take thy flight,  
 Quit thy dark mansion for eternal light !

For bliss eternal ! whilst at Heav'n's gate

Thy sister angels thy arrival wait,

Swift to conduct thee to thy parent's breast;

For Heav'n has heard, and granted thy re-  
 quest.

## SONNET,

IN THE NEW COMEDY OF  
*FALSE APPEARANCES.*

*By the Right Hon. General CONWAY.*

Wonder not if thus I'm mute,

Nor think it is a vain pretence :

Babbling mirth with joy may suit,

But to *grief* it gives offence.

\* The kindred tears, in the 4th line, are those of  
 the Marchioness Townshend.—This is the incident  
 painted by Mrs. Conway.

Spring, th' enraptur'd plain adorning,  
 Wakes the jocund voice of love;  
 With the wint'ry blasts returning,  
 Silence reigns throughout the grove.  
 Joy and Damon are but one;  
 All is grief, if he depart:  
 'Tis the absence of the sun;  
 'Tis the winter of the heart!

A COPY OF VERSES ON MR. DAY,  
 WHO FROM HIS LANDLORD RAN AWAY.

Here DAY and NIGHT conspir'd a sudden  
 flight;  
 For DAY, they say, is run away by NIGHT.  
 DAY's past and *gone*. Why, landlord,  
 where's your rent?  
 Did you not see that DAY was almost *spent*?  
 DAY pawn'd and sold, and put off what he  
 might:  
 Though it be ne'er so dark, DAY will be  
*light*.  
 You had one DAY a tenant; and would  
 fain  
 Your eyes could see *that* DAY but once  
 again.  
 No, landlord, no; now you may truly  
 say,  
 (And to your cost too) you have lost the  
 DAY.

DAY

DAY is departed in a mist, I fear ;  
 For DAY is *broke*, and yet doth *not appear*.  
 From time to time he promis'd still to pay ;  
 You should have *rose* before the *break* of  
 DAY.

But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,  
 For DAY was cunning, and broke *over-*  
 NIGHT.

DAY, like a candle, is gone out ; but where  
 None knows, unless to t'other *Hemisphere*.  
 Then to the tavern let us haste away—  
 Come, cheer up—hang't—'tis but a *broken*  
 DAY.

And he that trusted DAY for any sum  
 Will have his money, if that DAY *will*  
*come*.

But how now, Landlord ! what's the matter,  
 pray ?

What ! you can't sleep, you long so much  
 for DAY !

Have you a mind, Sir, to arrest a DAY ?

There's no such bailiff now as *Joshua*.

Cheer up then, man ! what though you've  
 lost a sum,

Do you not know that pay-DAY yet will  
 come ?

I will engage, do you but leave your sorrow,  
 My life for your's, DAY comes again *to-*  
*morrow*.

And

And for your rent—never torment your  
soul,  
You'll quickly see DAY *peeping through a*  
*hole.*

## A N A G R A M.

If you transpose what ladies wear, VEIL.  
'Twill plainly shew what harlots are; VILE.  
Again, if you transpose the same,  
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name; LEVI.  
Change it again, and it will shew  
What all on earth desire to do : LIVE.  
Transpose these letters yet once more,  
What bad men do you'll then explore. EVIL.  
J. M. O.

## E P I T A P H

ON A PARROT THAT WAS THROWN DOWN  
THE NECESSARY BY A SERVANT.

Beneath lie, int—d,  
The remains of a bird,  
Who submitted t'all-conqu'ring fate;  
Whose master took care  
To teach him to swear,  
As his mistress had taught him to prate.  
If complaint should be made  
Of the place where he's laid,  
Poor Betty was only in fault;  
For Betty, to save  
The expence of a grave,  
Thought proper to choose him a vault.

To

To enrich this sad tomb,  
For ages to come,  
His mistress, still kinder and kinder,  
Declares, with a tear,  
She'll never come near,  
Without leaving something behind her.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF J. J.  
ROUSSEAU.

Parmi ces peupliers paisibles  
Est entombé Jean Jacques Rousseau :  
Approchez, cœur vrai & sensible ;  
Ton ami demeure dans ce tombeau.

TRANSLATION.

Beneath this peaceful poplar lies  
The heart-possessing James Rousseau ;  
Come, Sensibility and Truth,  
And pay the tribute that you owe.

R. T.

A YORKSHIRE MAN'S COAT OF ARMS.

A Flea, a Fly, a Louse, a Magpie, and  
a Gammon of Bacon (thus illustrated) :—A  
Flea will suck your Blood!—So will a York-  
shire Man. A Fly will drink of every  
Man's Cup!—So will a Yorkshire Man. A  
Louse will stick to your Skin!—So will a  
Yorkshire Man. A Magpie will lie and  
chatter

chatter too!—So will a Yorkshire Man. A Gammon of Bacon is never good till it is hung!—No more is a Yorkshire Man.

*Copy of a Letter from MARY M'FAME to her Daughter.*

DUBLING, Feb. 3, 1761.

Mi Dere Hunny.

I thoughtt it mi dewty incompent opon mee to lett yow to knowe that yowr syfter has been violentlie ill of a very bad sicknes, but is now ded; therefor there is little or no hopes of her recovery. Your dere mother did constantly prey for her long but speedy recovery; she is to be buryed in a new family vaultt, by her own dere self, close by her unkell. I am sorri to acquaint you your unkell Oconner is ded. His death was occasiond bi eating calves head stuffd with hors benes and gravey; and notwithstanding the surgeons did constantly attend him for three weeks, he died suddenly. The great bulk of his estate comes to Ann the only childe left of the family who died a little before her unkell.—I have made a present of your systers dimont ring to Mr. M'Hare, the great small drinke brewer, for thirty guineas. I have just now a great while agoe taken the corner house that was lately burnt

burnt down to the ground upon a repairing lease.—I have sent you a nine-shilling piece by the coache: the carriage will cost you nothing, only payinge the coachman a crown: likewise I've sent you a Dublin carnarey bird put into a rat-trapp with victuals for the pretty dumbe thing in a snoff-box, which will come free of all charges, only paying the captain the fraite. Pray send me a cheshier cheese and an account of the Cock-Lane Ghost: put the Ghost up in a frank. Write immediatlye; dont stay for the poste. Direct for me at the Bishop and Beef-Steak, next to the Bible and Moane, opposite the Angell and Frying Pan, Copper Ally, Dubbling.—I did not seal this letter for fear it should miscarry, as the last did, which came safe to hand.

Your affectionate Mother,  
MARY M'FAME.

*Repairs of PAINTINGS, done by JOSEPH SMITH, for A — G —, Esq.*

*s. d.*

To putting a new fore-top to Sir Cloudsley Shovel's wig, and adding three side-curles over the left shoulder, 2 6

To an entire new head, wig and all, for the Duke of Marlborough, 6 0

N To

To mending a Gentleman's nose, *s. d.*  
 supposed to be the eldest Brutus, 1 3

For three sheep, and half the back-  
 side of a cow, - - - 3 2

To a new wash-hand basin for his  
 Excellency Pontius Pilate, and putting  
 St. Peter's cock in good order, 2 9

For putting a candle to Joseph's  
 lantern, and new sacks for his bre-  
 thren, - - - 7 6

To six strings to David's harp, and  
 a fresh Witch of Endor, - 0 6

To sewing up the slit in Queen Anne,  
 and stopping the hole in Queen Mary, 10 6

To Oliver Cromwell's beard, and  
 Queen Elizabeth's ruff, - - 3 6

To a new Pretender for the battle of  
 Culloden, and a piece of the Duke's  
 belly, - - - 4 9

To a set of trumpets for the walls  
 of Jerusalem, and countenances for  
 the two false Prophets, - 7 8

To a pair of bullocks for Jethro's  
 flock, and two yards and a half of  
 water for the deluge, - 5 3

To some alterations in the plague of  
 locusts, and cleansing some of the  
 Scotch Kings, 10 6

To



|                                          |       |
|------------------------------------------|-------|
| To filling up the chinks in the ten      | s. d. |
| Virgins, and giving a delicate finishing |       |
| to Potiphar's wife,                      | - 3 6 |
| To mending some holes in Sir W.          |       |
| Raleigh's breeches,                      | - 2 6 |

## A PUNNING EPISTLE

*From POLLY HONEYCOMB, in Town, to ROSINA in the Country, including the Titles of most modern Dramatic Pieces.*

DEAR ROSINA,

The old proverb, Seeing is Believing, has lately been verified, More Ways than One, in the Clandestine Marriage of our friend Tom Jones with Amelia. Every Old Maid sets it down as a Wonder; and, indeed, who could have imagined that an English Merchant, a Citizen of repute, would have taken such a step, after his so recent Elopement with Flora, the Fair Quaker of Deal? That, no doubt, was an Agreeable Surprise to his Friends, as she was a prodigious great fortune, having obtained a considerable prize in the Lottery, besides what was left by her uncle, who was always esteemed a Man of the World, though a great Miser. But Double Disappointments often happen, through the Contrivances and Confederacy

an Intriguing Chambermaid and a Lying Valet, who, in the present case, were determined to have Reparation for some supposed injury, by preventing the match. Accordingly, though the Lovers gave out that, tempted to partake of the Summer's Amusements, they were only on an Excursion to Margate for a few days, and had nearly, in their Trip to Scotland, reached Gretna Green; Douglas, the Young Quaker's Guardian, receiving intelligence of their real destination, pursued the runaway Minor so closely, as to prevent her union with our friend Tom: which, indeed, was a great pity, as they had really ventured Neck or Nothing for each other.

Soon after his hopes were thus frustrated, happening to see Amelia, he fell in Love at first sight; and, like a true Fashionable Lover, determined to risk all Chances by soliciting her hand. From a False Delicacy, she, for some time, affected a Refusal: however, she too soon acquiesced; since, I am sorry to say, they are so far from being happy, that a Separate Maintenance will certainly take place, in consequence of a violent quarrel which happened within Three Weeks after Marriage. Her temper is certainly very bad; and she is not only perpetually

tually at Cross Purposes, but a very Jealous Wife ; so that, though his many Rivals at first thought he had found her Too Civil by Half, they now consider him as the Dupe, and sarcastically recommend him to become a Candidate for the Flich of Bacon.

The Poor Soldier, whom you must remember seeing at Camp, met me a few days since ; and, with expressions of the utmost gratitude, thanked me for our kind intercession : that Positive man, the Recruiting-Serjeant, who deemed him the Deserter he had been in pursuit of, was at last convinced of his Mistake ; and the poor fellow's Son-in-Law, a Tobacconist in the city, has proved that a Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed, by not only procuring his discharge, but recommending him as a porter to an Upholsterer of his acquaintance ; while his wife has, by the same means, procured employment from a Toy-Shop.

Had you been in town at the late Election of the Managers (for state-affairs), where there was the Devil to Pay, you would have been highly entertained ; though, I am sorry to say, it proved a Fatal Curiosity to some. The Rival Candidates kept it up with spirit till the last day ; and, through some Ladies Frolics (many of whom proved themselves

Busy Bodies on the canvass), it is yet thought that the Fox will get into his desired cover, and find out a New Way to pay Old Debts. The School for Scandal was never more ransacked for defamation than on this occasion; but, as truth generally prevails, the Liar commonly found himself disappointed, and became, at last, the Genius of Nonsense. During the contest, the principal enquiry was, Which is the Man—of the people? And though a scrutiny was demanded on the Close of the Poll, it is Two to One that the Belle's Stratagem will yet prove predominant, and not only shew Who's the Dupe of a faction, but secure a just Measure for Measure, with complete Retaliation, in the Committee.

My Deaf Lover, the Commissary, who last summer accompanied us in our Trip to Scarborough, where he appeared so much the Man of Quality, and assumed the character of a great Critic, has lately had a Tragedy Rehearsed; and, O grief of griefs! was last week married to Isabella, the Maid of Bath; so that Man and Wife they now are, to the no small mortification of the Brothers, who thought to have come in for what the Old Bachelor was possessed of. But, by the Chapter of Accidents, he has so far disappointed

pointed their hopes, that I verily believe they wish him with Belphegor. The eldest, the West-Indian, might have acquired the fortune of a Nabob, having been always esteemed a Man of Business: but, being too much the Good-natured Man, he became a Bankrupt; and Perplexities have so far disordered his mind, that he once attempted Suicide. As to the youngest, it is difficult to know his real sentiments; since he has continually acted under a Double Disguise, even from the time of his being a School-Boy; so that his life has been one continual game of Hunt the Slipper.

But lest, from the length of this letter, you should begin to think me a mere Author, I shall conclude with observing, that my dear Papa last night closed his theatre for the season with the favourite new comic opera of Peeping Tom; so that you may soon expect to see, at Coventry,

Your affectionate Cousin,

POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

P. S. Love to Rose and Colin; not forgetting Lionel and Clarissa, the Capricious Lovers,

A Cheese-

A Cheese-Factor in Herefordshire, having made his payments good for a number of years, but finding himself, it is supposed, going back in the world, rode through the county, and purchased from every one that would give him credit, till his stock became very considerable. To the astonishment of every body, he never was heard of, not only in the county, but in any other part of the world, from that day to this. A humorous Farmer, to dispel the gloom that covered a number of faces in his neighbourhood, erected a tomb-stone in the church-yard of his village, with the following very whimsical Epitaph.

Beneath this tomb lies Arthur Groom,  
For whom we all lament ;  
But, had he paid us for our cheese,  
We had been all content.

Some say he's alive, others say he's dead ;  
He has cheese enough, if he has but bread.  
Some say he's gone to heav'n, it must be by  
degrees ;  
He cannot travel fast, with such a load of  
cheese !

To a LADY, with a Pair of BRACELETS.

Thrice envy'd, all-victorious charm!

That such superior power imparts;  
Thus to confine the fair-one's arm,  
Whose look alone can fether hearts.

Since, *trifler!* thou hast so much sway,  
Why should a *swain* in wishes linger?  
In turn, let *Damon* come in play,—  
He only sues to bind the *finger*.

E P I T A P H

On the late Dr. MONSEY.

*Supposed by some to be written by himself, by  
others attributed to his Friend Mr. Maden.*

Here lie my old limbs, my vexation now  
ends;

For I've lived much too long for myself and  
my friends:

As for Church-yards and mounds, which the  
parson calls holy,

'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft, and founded  
on folly.

In short, I despise them; and, as for my  
soul,

Which may mount the last day with my  
bones from this hole,

I think

I think that it really has nothing to fear  
From the God of mankind, whom I truly  
revere.

What the next world may be, little troubles  
my pate ;

If not better than this, I beseech thee, O  
Fate !

When the bodies of millions fly up in a riot,  
To let the old carcass of Monsey lie quiet.

*On Miss FARREN's playing for the small  
Debtors in Dublin.*

*By Sir HERCULES LANGRISHE.*

Though lovely Farren's tender breast,  
Glowing with generous sympathy,  
Aspires to comfort the oppress'd,  
And bid captivity be free :  
Yet still her kind exertions fail ;  
Her charms retract the boon they gave ;  
And while her magic breaks the jail,  
Her eyes make every man a slave.

# L I N E S

ON LADY TYRCONNEL'S RING.

*By Mr. MEDLICOT.*

Your husband gave to you a Ring,  
Set round with jewels rare ;  
You gave to him a better thing,  
—A Ring set round with hair !

The



## THE KIDDERMINSTER TRAGEDY;

OR,

THE CHICKEN'S LAMENTABLE FALL,

*An Excellent New BALLAD, composed by  
MR. E——.**———quæque ipsæ miserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui. VIRG.*

Most shocking thing, which I myself did see,  
And a great part of which it was my hard fate to be.

God prosper long our ducks and geese,  
Our hens and chickens all !  
At Kidderminster late there did  
A sad event befall.

A wicked sow was trotting forth,  
All on a certain day,  
To scrub her measly rump against  
A horse-block in the way ;

But just as she had reach'd the place,  
A peevish hen she met,  
Who cross'd her path, at which the sow  
Began to fume and fret.

For why ? the itching did increase—  
Yet would ~~this~~ hen not move,  
But scream'd and flutter'd in her face,  
And to repel her, strove,

It

It chanc'd that day (ah! fatal chance)  
 Her son beside her stood,  
 The sweetest innocent that e'er  
 Enraptur'd mother view'd.

He, pretty fool! exulting saw  
 His dam's prodigious might;  
 And, chirping cheerily, did urge  
 Her onward to the fight.

Whereat the fow began to threat—  
 (Methinks I hear her now)  
 "S'blood! tho' I can't your mother eat,  
 "Yet d—mme! I can you."

And, op'ning wide her horrid jaws,  
 She seiz'd the luckless chick,  
 And gulp'd him down, e'en as he was,  
 Before I could say—click.

O Christ! my very heart did bleed,  
 So sad a sight to see;  
 And briny drops adown my cheeks  
 Did trickle plenteously.

And turning round, "Look! look!"  
 I cry'd,  
 "That fow, there, damn her soul!  
 "Has snapp'd a poor dear chicken up,  
 "And eat it, bones and all!"

What

use

What chicken? said the Earl, and smil'd;

Go, go to sleep again;

There's no such thing.—Though God, he  
knows,

I saw it but too plain.

Nor shall I ever pass the place,

Without a heart-felt sigh

For that sweet innocent that there

By bloody bite did die.

God save the King! and when that we

Have chickens of our own,

May we ne'er turn them loose, like this,

But coop them up alone.

The following Memorial was written, or, as I rather believe, dictated, by the Kidderminster Sow, and addressed to the owner of this hospitable mansion. It inclosed a remonstrance to Mr. E——, which his Lordship, with his usual urbanity, permitted us to copy. The Memorial was superscribed,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LORD GROSVENOR.

MY LORD,

Hearing of your philanthropy (if I may  
use that word for a tenderness which ex-  
O tend

tends itself to every part of the brute creation), I humbly presume, without any further apology, to apply it on the present occasion. Your Lordship cannot be ignorant of the story that has been raised to my prejudice, any more than of the total falsity of it; I therefore intreat you to make use of the influence you have over Mr. E——, to prevail on him to retract so atrocious a charge.

If the Legislature had given us a civil establishment, we might seek redress at another tribunal: but the humanity of man is unfortunately our only resource; and when that fails us, we can only suffer and be silent. Hoping this consideration will have its due weight, I subscribe myself, with all humility,

Your Lordship's most obliged  
and obedient Servant,

- The KIDDERMINSTER SOW.

P. S. Your Lordship may possibly doubt the authenticity of this Letter, as not conceiving the possibility of a sow conveying her thoughts in this manner; but when you consider the death-wound I have received, all hesitation will be done away.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.

The

The KIDDERMINSTER SOW,  
Her REMONSTRANCE to Mr. E——.

But four days since—no, not so much—not  
four,

A welcome guest to ev'ry house I came ;  
Maids gave me cabbage-stalks and wash good  
store,

And children lov'd to lisp pig-wiggy's  
name.

Now, all is chang'd! where'er I turn my  
eye,

Sad symptoms of disgust and fear, I view ;  
Men, maids, indignant frown as I pass by,  
And children learn to run ere I pursue.

Curs'd be the hour, when, innocent of ill,  
I trotted forth to view the cavalcade ;  
The Earl (to the Old Yellow\* constant still)  
Follow'd by many a man and many a  
maid.

Ah! E—! E—! well thou know'st, I trow,  
I touch'd no chicken—I such food detest ;  
How couldst thou, then, subtly malicious,  
how,

Aim at my heart, and stab me for a jest ?

O 2

For

\* Meaning perhaps his Lordship's favourite chaise.

For all, so prone is man to credit lies,  
 Receive the tale; and Cicely, as she puts  
 'The wash before me, grinds her teeth, and  
 cries,

As round she kicks me,—“Curse your  
 dainty guts!”

But they were never dainty: pleas'd I eat  
 Coarse masts, and acorns, found beneath  
 the tree;

And if a codlin, or a crab, I met,

“I blest my stars, and thought it luxury.”

Lamented time! now cribb'd within my  
 stye,

With kicks kept waking, and with curses  
 fed,

I weep to find myself too lean to die,

And envy those that to the block are led.

But thou, that with a brave contempt of  
 truth,

Stoodst forth th'unblushing author of my  
 wrong,

Say, how wilt thou atone, unthinking  
 youth!

The dire effects of thy licentious tongue?

Go, laugh, exult; yet know the hour is  
 nigh,

When thou shalt dearly rue what charms  
 thee now,

And

And \*with thy Coke or Lyttelton would  
 buy  
 A long oblivion of the injur'd sow.

In vain ! in vain ! her angry form shall rise,  
 In more than mortal majesty array'd ;  
 Terrific stalk before thy starting eyes,  
 And haunt thee through the sunshine and  
 the shade.

E'en when soft slumbers o'er thee 'gin to  
 creep,  
 Lugubrious grunts shall throb upon thy  
 ear,  
 ' And murder, like Macbeth, the inno-  
 cent sleep ;  
 " Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve  
 of care."

Yet more—while hungry in yon proud sa-  
 loon,  
 At the full board thou sitt'st, with dain-  
 ties crown'd,  
 May—if it can be, and for thee alone,  
 Something still wanting to the feast be  
 found.

O 3

Thy

\* *Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum  
 Pallanta intactum.*

Thy turkey may no savory sausage grace,  
 Thy chicken may no luscious ham improve;  
 Still without bacon mayst thou eat thy  
 pease;  
 Soft bacon ! object of thy fondest love.

## E P I G R A M

*On a Wasp's stinging an Old Maid's Thigh.*

On the records of fame with Columbus you  
 stand,  
 Who fought the American shore;  
 Advent'rous like him you explore a new  
 land,  
*Where none ever travell'd before.*

## On the LEARNED PIG.

Though learned Dr. Johnson's gone,  
 Let us no longer mourn our loss,  
 Another learned hog is come,  
 And wisdom grunts at Charing-Cross.  
 Happy for Johnson—that he died  
 Before this wonder came to town;  
 Else had it blasted all his pride,  
 Another brute should gain renown.

*April 5, 1785.*

BRUTUS.

A SER.



## A S E R M O N,

*Occasioned by the Death of Mr. PROCTOR, Minister of Giffing, by the Rev. Mr. MOOR, Minister of Burston in Norfolk.*

“ Fight the good fight, &c.” 1 Tim. vi. 12.

Beloved, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor: his father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family; his brother's name also was Mr. Thomas Proctor; he lived some time at Burston Hall in Norfolk, and was high constable of Difs Hundred: this man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife's was Mrs. Buxton, late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton; she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

He was a good husband, and she was a good housewife; and they two got money: she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear, by demonstrative arguments. First, he was a good man, and that in several respects; he was a loving man to his neighbours, a charitable man to the poor, a favourable man in his tithes, and a good landlord to his tenants: there sits one Mr. Spurgeon can tell what

what a great sum of money he forgave him upon his death-bed; it was fourscore pounds. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God; in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only; no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relations and acquaintance; for Mr. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said, 'Amen, amen, amen!' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbs to pray for him; when he came and prayed for him, for all his friends, and relations, and acquaintance; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Gibbs's prayers

prayers he likewise devoutly said, ' Amen, amen, amen !' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman ? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for me ; and I came and prayed for this good man Mr. Proctor ; for all his friends, relations, and acquaintance ; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any : and to my prayers he devoutly said, ' Amen, amen, amen !' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman ? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich,

Thirdly and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative argument, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God, and that is this : There was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar-boy ; he came into this country upon the back of a dun cow ; it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a brown cow ; no, beloved, it was a dun cow ; well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door : he did not do as some would have done, give him a small alms and send him away ; or chide him, and make him a pass, and send him

him into his own country ; no, beloved, he took him into his own house, and bound him an apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich ; after his time was out, took him home again, and married him to a kinswoman of his wife's, one Mrs. Christian Robertson, here present, there she sits ; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure : by her he had three daughters ; this good man took home the eldest, brought her up to woman's estate, married her to a very honourable gentleman, Mr. Buxton, here present, there he sits ; gave him a vast portion with her ; and the remainder of his estate he gave his two daughters. Now was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman ? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember, some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, at which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues : but your memories perhaps may fail you ; and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is, she was a good knitter as any in the county of Norfolk : when her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she  
would

would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit; but, beloved, she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman: for, to spare candle, she would stir up the coals with her knitting pins; and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as many other women by day-light. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings upon my legs, that were knit in the same manner; and they are the best stockings that ever I wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast in drink that ever I eat in my life; and they were brown toasts too; for when I used to go in a morning, she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack nor burning it: besides, she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg, dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say they were the best toasts I ever eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to your habitations; and therefore I hasten to a conclusion.

I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman:

man : but fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars ; viz.

1. His love to his neighbour.
2. His charity to the poor.
3. His favourableness in his tithes.
4. His goodness to his tenants.
5. His devotion in his prayers, in saying  
Amen to the prayers of Mr. Cole,  
Mr. Gibbs, and myself.

## A L E T T E R

*From Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT, to the Society of Antiquarians ; giving them an Account of a very curious Petrification found near Penzance, in the county of Cornwall.*

GENTLEMEN,

Superfluous and absurd would an apology be from me to you, for any address which I can make to you ; since doubtless I have a right to your acquaintance, and a property in your protection, being myself a most extraordinary piece of venerable antiquity. But should I wave this privilege, the singular curiosity I am about to present you, in the formation of which, nature, time, and art, have been employed, would sufficiently plead my excuse. As my worthy friend Mr. Powallis, of Penzance, was taking an evening's walk in the fields, he accidentally trod upon something

something which, having all the appearance of an human excrement, made him immediately congratulate himself upon his good luck ; but upon a stricter scrutiny it appeared to be a pebble, which both in shape and colour perfectly resembled what he at first took it for. He carried it home to his lady, who at first sight cried out—‘ My dear, ‘ you have brought home a——,’ mentioning a word which I am sorry should ever drop from a woman of her decency and discretion. However, upon handling it, she was pacified ; and diverted herself by now and then depositing it in the parlour, to the confusion of the housemaid ; and sometimes dropping it in company, for the entertainment and astonishment of her friends. At length a gentleman, who was an excellent antiquarian, and likewise profoundly learned in minerals and fossils, happened to pay Mr. Powallis a visit ; and, upon inspection, declared with transport, that it was the greatest curiosity in Europe. ‘ This’ says he, ‘ is ‘ really and *bonâ fide* a petrified excrement ; ‘ and, as it was found in the fields, is a valuable monument of ancient simplicity ; ‘ when our fathers (how unlike the effeminacy of our moderns !) used to *do their*  
P *business*

‘ *business* in the most pastoral and unaffected manner ; and, as the divine Milton sings—

“ Every shepherd *laid his tail*

“ Under the hawthorn in the vale.”

This gentleman is now in possession of the petrification, which he obtained from Mr. Powallis, who (because he was his very intimate friend) let him have it at the easy expence of fifty pounds. I wish, gentlemen of the society, it was mine to bestow ; I declare I should not hesitate a moment about the disposal of it : but, as it is, you will be content with a description of it, which I shall attempt in as brief a manner as I may. This rarity, then, which you may either call an artificial piece of nature, or a natural piece of art, is about seven inches long, and about three and a half diameter (I mean in the centre) ; for, towards the end, it is taper ; and it is, as a certain poet says by a lady’s shape,

‘ Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.’

It resembles a rainbow in its curvature, but not in colour ; for in that respect it is uniform to a surprising exactness, which Dr. Bolus assures us is a strong proof that the ancients lived upon a milk and vegetable diet, and were free from those luxurious compositions



compositions that discolour the excrements of this degenerate age. Mr. Fondledust (who, though he has not the honour to be of your society, is yet a man of great penetration and curiosity) declares, he is absolutely certain, that in a few years study he could find out the age, condition, sex, situation, country, and constitution, of the person who generously bequeathed this remarkable relick to posterity. Nay, he still goes farther, and most confidently (though I think somewhat rashly) declares, that he can find out whether it is a Jewish, Pagan, or Mahometan business. I intended to have given you a figure of this petrification; but my engraver is such a coxcomb, that he refused the job; and swore that he would not draw the picture of a damned —— for any man; speaking disrespectfully of that thing which with us is in such esteem, that, by the courtesy of the kingdom, it has obtained the order of knighthood, under the style and title of Sir Reverence. Now, gentlemen, having laid before you this matter in as plain and succinct a manner as I was capable of, I humbly take my leave; but not without most sincerely promising you, that if any thing of this sort should

occur to me hereafter, I will not fail to communicate it to you, as a testimony of that esteem with which I remain,

Your most humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

## E P I T A P H

On PAUL HIFFERMAN, *one of the most singular literary characters that ever lived. His most intimate friend could not at any time learn from him where he lodged; and it was by advertisement those found him out, whose humanity was exercised in seeing him decently interred.*

Here bows to earth, where all must bow,  
A man devoid of care;  
Who eat and drank the Lord knows how,  
And liv'd the Lord knows where!

But Death, a penetrating scout,  
Would stop his worldly roam;  
Hence sily pump'd his living out,  
And fix'd his wav'ring home.

Yet, though thus fix'd, as all may tell,  
Death still supports his pride;  
For here he lies, and fares as well  
As monarchs by his side.

The

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* appeared a few years ago, in ridicule of a great deal of serious writing, which was encouraged at the time, against a proposed league between the Theatrical Potentates of Drury-lane and Covent-Garden, for the purpose of interchanging Performers, and otherwise amicably supporting their mutual interests. The plan undoubtedly had some tendency to weaken dramatic competition; and, of course, as it alarmed the actors, there was much talk of mutiny, riots, &c. The pleasantry of the following *supposed Correspondence* greatly contributed to restore good-humour to the Green Room.

*Faithful Copies of Letters between*  
H O P K I N S     A N D     W I L D,  
P R O M P T E R S   T O   T H E   M O N O P O L I Z E R S .

*Drury-Lane, Nov. 9.*

Dear WILD,

For God's sake, lend me a couple of *Conspirators* for to-night—Recollect, you have borrowed one of ours for a singing Druid, and another of our best is Doge of Venice on *Packer's* resignation.

Entirely and devotedly yours,

HOPKINS.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 9.

My dear HOPKINS,

I have ordered them to look you out two of our genteelest Assassins, and I'll take care they shall go shaved and sober. Pray tell *Farren* he must play our Archbishop to-morrow: we'll cut the part, that he may dress time enough afterwards for your General in *The Camp*.

Yours, perpetually,

W I L D.

P. S. If you have a Full Moon to spare, I wish you'd lend it us for Thursday. I send you some Lightning that I can venture to recommend.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 11.

Dear HOPKINS,

Pray how shall we manage without *Smith* to-morrow? I depended on your lending him us for *Harry the Fifth*; but now I see you have put him up for *Charles Surface*. Cou'dn't you let him come to us, and play two acts of *Harry*, as you don't want him in *Charles* till your third? And then *Hull* shall  
read

read the rest, with an apology for *Smith's* being suddenly hoarse, sprained his ankle, &c. &c.

Cordially yours.

W I L D.

P. S. My Vestal Virgin gets so cursed big, I wish you'd lend us *Mrs. Robinson* for a night.

*Drury-Lane, Nov. 11.*

Dear WILD,

By particular desire, our Vestal is not transferable, but we have a spare Venus, and duplicate Junos; so send a hackney-coach for which ever suits you.—The scheme for *Smith* won't do—but change your Play to any thing; for we'll tack *The Camp* to *The School for Scandal*, to secure you an overflow.

Thoroughly yours,

H O P K I N S.

*Covent-Garden, Nov. 12.*

My dear Fellow,

Here's the Devil to do about our Tuesday's Pantomime—the blacksmith can't repair our great Serpent till Friday, and the old

old camel that we thought quite sound has broken down at rehearsal; so pray send us your Elephant by the bearer, and a small Tiger with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you too for a dozen of your best dancing shepherds for that night; for though I see you'll want them for *Highwaymen* in the *Beggars Opera*, they'll be quite in time for us afterwards.

For ever completely yours,

WILD.

*Drury-Lane, Nov. 12.*

Dear WILD,

I just write you a line while the beasts are packing up, to beg you'll not be out of spirits, as you may depend on the Shepherds, and any other animals you have occasion for. I have it in orders to acquaint you too, that as we don't use *Henderson* for *Falstaff* on Friday, you may have him for *Richard*, with a dozen and a half of our Soldiers for *Bosworth-Field*, only begging you'll return 'em us in time for *Cox-heath*.

Totally yours,

HOPKINS.

Lend me a *Cupid*—mine has got the measles.

*Covent-*

Covent-Garden, Nov. 12.

Dear HOPKINS,

Thank you for *Henderson* and the Soldiers—do let them bring their helmets, for ours are tinning.—The bearer is our Cupid, at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.

Genuinely yours,

WILD.

DR. HALLEY'S REPLY TO ABP. KING.

With age exhausted, and his vigour fled,  
Says King to Halley, "I've a mind to  
wed:"

Arch Halley answer'd, with sarcastic face,  
"I hope you'll make me *chaplain* to your  
Grace."

*On playing a Pantomime\* the first Season, at half  
price.*

An EPIGRAM,

BY A DECEASED GENIUS.

Rejoice through the town, ev'ry Pantomime  
goer,

And drink to Tom Harris, who makes the  
price lower.

Tom

\* The Giant's Causeway; or, Harlequin Teague.

Tom Harris!—you're wrong, cried a wag  
with a sneer;

He loves nonsense too well, and sells it still  
dear.

O'Keefe is the man, whom small profits suf-  
fice;

With nonsense o'erstock'd, he sells off at  
half price.

*The following Lines are the substance of a con-  
versation between the Hon. Henry Erskine  
and a certain northern Duchess,\* not more  
distinguished by her beauty than her wit and  
happy talent at repartee, in which also it is  
well known the Honourable Gentleman is  
peculiarly eminent. The thought was almost  
instant turned into rhyme by the Author of  
The Cave of Morar.*

Why don't your Grace, said Erskine, still  
reside

With us, in George's square, our joy and  
pride?

Won't you return?—No, no, replied her  
Grace,

I do not like it—'tis a vile dull place.

That

\* Duchess of Gordon.



That is, quoth he, as if the sun should say,  
 " A vile dark morning this—I will not rise  
 to-day."

*Sept. 16, 1786.*

## HOMERIC ANECDOTE,

WITH SOME VERSES SUBJOINED.

BY WM. J. BAKER, ESQ.

At Doctor J—ph—n's, in the north of Ireland, one of his sons happened to be engaged in reading a portion of Homer's Iliad for a college examination. Having met with a very minute enumeration of the articles of Juno's dress, as mentioned on the occasion of her project to surprise and charm Jupiter, the student, with a view to help his memory, took down on a slip of paper the several ornaments of the Goddess as they occurred.

Some little time after, Mrs. J—ph—n had occasion, as was often the case, to send to Raphoe, a neighbouring town, for some household necessaries: the memorandum above-mentioned happening to lie in her way, and resembling one she had written herself on the occasion, it was given to the messenger, with strict charge to procure every article it contained.—This injunction was by no means thrown away on the faithful Mercury,

cury, inasmuch as he spent the greatest part of the day (quite unaccountably to Mrs. J—n) in search of the various and uncommon articles necessary to please the toilet of the Queen of the skies, who, we may easily suppose, from her general anxiety on the subject of her personal attractions, but more particularly from the spur of the occasion, had herself spared neither pains nor expence in this pursuit. The milliners and haberdashers were, as may be well believed, taken a little out of their sphere; yet, what with their desire to please, and the determined diligence of the messenger, the articles in the memorandum, with scarcely any exception, were brought home as good as the town could afford them. This *mal-entendu*, in a classical family, very naturally, was thought to make ample amends by its diverting singularity, for any little disappointment in the house-keeping way. This circumstance was told me by John J—n, who was a witness of it; and he added, that when I next conversed with Apollo or the Muses, I should do well to transmit through them this interesting intelligence to the goddesses in question. My answer in the following lines may come in here not improperly in the way of epilogue:

So,

So, it seems you're surpris'd any creature  
should go

To seek Juno's attire at the town of Raphoe :  
But the matter to me appears quite a plain  
case,

For a \* Venus of late, you know, liv'd at  
that place;

And wherever she chooseth to fix her abode,  
'Tis no wonder that dress should be well  
understood.

I've no time, of late, the coy Muses to follow,  
And little or nothing to do with Apollo;  
But can tell you that, in about nine months  
or so,

Madam Juno† sets out on a trip to Raphoe;  
And the things may be sent to the heavenly  
dame,

If you find that the fashion continues the  
same.

# TO A L A D Y,

WITH THE PRINT OF VENUS ATTIRED BY  
THE GRACES.

BY THE SAME.

That far superior is thy state,

Even Envy must agree;

On thee a thousand Graces wait,

On Venus only three.

Q

ABSENCE.

\* Mrs. P——t, then newly married.

† Juno Lucina.

## A B S E N C E.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

When from the craggy mountain's pathless  
steep,

Whose flinty brow hangs o'er the raging  
sea,

My wand'ring eye beholds the foamy deep,  
I mark the restless surge—and think of

THEE ;

The curling waves, the passing breezes move,  
Changing and treach'rous as the *breath of*  
*Love* ;

The “ sad similitude ” awakes my smart,  
And thy dear image *twines about my heart.*

When, at the sober hour of sinking day,  
Exhausted Nature steals to soft repose ;  
When the hush'd linnet slumbers on the  
spray,

And scarce a zephyr fans the fainting  
rose ;

I glance o'er scenes of bliss to *friendship*  
*dear,*

And at the fond remembrance drop a tear ;  
Nor can the balmy incense soothe my smart,  
Still cureless Sorrow preys upon my heart.

When

When the loud gambols of the village-throng  
Drown the lorn murmurs of the ring-  
dove's throat,

I think I hear thy fascinating song  
Join the melodious *Minstrel's* tuneful  
note.

My list'ning ear soon tells me—'*tis not thee,*  
Nor thy lov'd *song*—nor *thy soft minstrel-*  
*sy* :—

In vain I turn away, to hide my smart ;  
Thy dulcet numbers vibrate in my heart.

When with the Sylvan train I seek the  
grove,

Where May's soft breath diffuses incense  
round ;

Where Venus smiles serene, and sportive  
Love,

With thornless roses, spreads the fairy  
ground ;

'The voice of Pleasure dies upon my ear,  
My conscious bosom sighs — *Thou art not*  
*here.*

Soft tears of fond regret, reveal its smart ;  
And Sorrow, ~~reflex~~ Sorrow, chills my heart.

When at my matin pray'rs I prostrate kneel,  
And court RELIGION's aid, to soothe my  
woe,

The meek-ey'd Saint, who pities what I  
feel,

Forbids the *sigh* to heave, the *tear* to  
flow ;

For ah ! no vulgar passion fills my mind,  
Calm *Reason's* hand illumines the flame re-  
fin'd ;

All the pure feelings FRIENDSHIP can  
impart,

Live in the centre of my aching heart.

When, in the still and solemn hour of night,

I press my lonely couch, to find repose ;

Joyless I watch the pale Moon's *chilling*  
*light*,

Where through the *mould'ring Tow'r* the  
north-wind blows.

My fev'rish lids no balmy slumbers own,

Still my sad bosom beats for *thee alone* ;

Nor shall its aching fibres cease to smart,

Till *Death's cold spell* is TWIN'D ABOUT  
MY HEART.

The TURTLE and TRAVELLER.

A DIALOGUE.

TRAVELLER.

Why with your wailings do these groves  
resound ?

TURTLE.

TURTLE.

My mate, my Turtle's no where to be found.  
Why through these solitudes choose you to  
roam ?

TRAVELLER.

Because my Turtle's to be found at home.

# EPITAPH

ON JOHN HEWITT, ESQ.

*Late Purse-bearer to the Lord-Chancellor of  
Ireland (written at the desire of a Lady  
who wished to preserve a picture of him).*

By the EDITOR of this Work.

Here *Fat Jack* reclines — and there's no  
one will rue it.—

What, *Jack Falstaff*! No, no, his great bro-  
ther, *Jack Hewitt*.

An eight-bottle toper, where claret was fine;  
And wherever it was, he'd assuredly dine.

Though the sweets of the vintage he highest  
respected,

Each dish at the table he never neglected.

Whenever he din'd with \* Eblana's † Arch-  
bishop,

The wonder-struck company gave every dish  
up!

Q 3

A turkey

\* Dublin.

† Dr. Craddock, who had an astonishing appetite.

A *turkey* and *capon*, and such *little birds*,  
 He gulp'd like a school-boy a half'orth of  
 curds!

Six rounds of a twelvepenny loaf ev'ry day,  
 In a well-butter'd toast, he devour'd at his  
 tea!

'Twas a doubt with his friends, whether  
 Gog or Magog  
 Could eat or could swill with this overgrown  
 hog!—

Among maudlin wits he was cock of the  
 school,

But the wise ones pronounc'd him a dam-  
 nable fool;

Not wise ones who knew that his coffers  
 were full,

For o'erflowing coffers enrich ev'ry skull!

He liv'd a gay life between eating and  
 drinking,

And of this and his money for ever was  
 thinking;

In this was his genius, his *fame*, and his  
*merit*.

If our Falstaff did opposite virtues inherit,  
 Those *virtues* that live in an amiable breast,  
 His friend, my *Lord Townshend*,<sup>†</sup> must  
 tell you the rest.

“ Strength

† When his Lordship was Viceroy of Ireland, Fat  
 Jack was a distinguished bottle-companion of his.



" Strength and Nature made amends for Art."

Rowe.

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF

The famous Scenic Poet,

*Master WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.*

Those hands, which you so clapt, go now  
and ring,

You Britons brave, for done are Shak-  
speare's days :—

His days are done, that made the dainty  
plays,

Which made the globe of Heav'n and  
Earth to ring.

Dry'd is that vein—dry'd is the Thespian  
spring—

Turn'd all to tears—and Phœbus clouds  
his rays :

That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those  
bays

Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poet's  
King.

If tragedies might any prologue have,  
All those he made would scarce make one  
to this,

Where Fame, now that he gone is to the  
grave

(Death's

(Death's public tyring-house), the Nuncius  
is ;

For though his line of life went soon about,  
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

### Mrs. PIOZZI's JOHNSONIANA.

Some of the old legendary stories put in  
verse by modern writers provoked him to  
caricature them thus one day at Streatham;  
but they are already well known, I am  
sure.

The tender infant, meek and mild,  
Fell down upon the stone ;  
The nurse took up the squealing child,  
But still the child squeal'd on.

A famous ballad also, beginning *Rio verde*,  
*Rio verde*, when I commended the transla-  
tion of it, he said he could do it better  
himself—as thus :

Glassy water, glassy water,  
Down whose current clear and strong,  
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,  
Moor and Christian, roll along.

But Sir, said I, this is not ridiculous at  
all. "Why no," replied he, "why should I  
always

always write ridiculously? Perhaps because I made these verses to imitate such a one, naming him :

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell

Wearing out life's evening grey ;  
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell,

What is bliss, and which the way ?  
Thus I spoke, and, speaking, sigh'd,  
Scarce repress'd the starting tear;  
When the hoary sage reply'd,

Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

I could give another comical instance of caricatura imitation. Recollecting some day, when praising these verses of Lopez de Vega,

Se acquien los leones vence

Vence una muger hermosa

O el de flaco averguence

O ella di ser mus furiosa,

more than he thought they deserved, Mr. Johnson instantly observed, " That they were founded on a trivial conceit, and that conceit ill explained, and ill expressed beside. The lady, we all know, does not conquer in the same manner as the lion does: it is a mere play of words," added he; " and you might as well say, that

If

If the man who turnips cries,  
 Cry not when his father dies,  
 'Tis a proof that he had rather  
 Have a turnip than his father."

And this humour is of the same sort with which he answered the friend who commended the following line :

Who rules o'er freemen, should himself be free.

" To be sure," said Dr. Johnson,

" Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat."

This readiness of finding a parallel, or making one, was shewn by him perpetually in the course of conversation. When the French verses of a certain pantomime were quoted thus,

Je suis Cassandre, descendue des cieux,  
 Pour vous faire entendre, Mesdames & Messieurs,

Que je suis Cassandre, descendue des cieux;

he cried out gaily and suddenly, almost in a moment,

I am

I am Cassandra, come down from the sky,  
 To tell each by-stander what none can  
 deny,  
 That I am Cassandra, come down from the  
 sky.

The pretty Italian verses too, at the end  
 of Baretti's book called Easy Phraseology,  
 he did *all' improvviso* in the same manner.

Viva! viva la padrona!  
 Tutta bella, e tutta buona,  
 La padrona e un angiolella  
 Tutta buona e tutta bella;  
 Tutta bella e tutta buona;  
 Viva! viva la padrona!

Long may live my lovely Hetty!  
 Always young and always pretty.  
 Always pretty, always young,  
 Live my lovely Hetty long!  
 Always young and always pretty,  
 Long may live my lovely Hetty!

The famous distich, too, of an Italian *im-  
 provvisatore*, who, when the Duke of Modena  
 ran away from the comet in the year 1742  
 or 1743—

Se al venir vestro i principi sen' vanno  
 Deh venga ogni di——durate un anno;

which,

which, said he, would do just as well in our language thus :

If at your coming princes disappear,  
Comets! come every day—and stay a year.

When some one in company commended  
the verses of M. de Benferade *à son Lit* ;

Théâtre des ris & des pleurs,  
Lit ! où je nais, & où je meurs ;  
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins  
Sont nos plaisirs & nos chagrins.

To which he replied without hesitating,

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry ;  
And, born in bed, in bed we die :  
The near approach a bed may show  
Of human blifs to human woe.

## A S T O R Y

IN SIR JOHN'S OWN WAY.

I left Johnson in the evening. He had been very pleasant ; there was nobody with us but *myself* and *him* : it was about seven o'clock when I parted from him, for I looked up to St. Dunstan's clock. It is a pity that these beautiful figures which strike  
the

the hours, should be so defaced as they are.\* I went to pay a visit to Mr. —, who then lived in Holborn, at the corner of the street that leads to Hatton-Garden from Brooks's Market. We talked of Johnson; he said he was a great man, and that he had that day been conversing about the palace of Ely, which was a very fine place;† And he told me the following story: A certain Bishop, who has been dead about seventeen years, seven months, and three days, for I find a minute of it in my anecdote-book, had one day (I think it was in summer, about July) a number of chaplains with him—for poor chaplains, who cannot afford to buy a dinner, are very happy if any one will give them a dinner for nothing; the reason of which, I think, must be very obvious to my readers—The Bishop told a number of marvellous stories, at which the

R                      chaplains

\* I mentioned this once at a meeting of Justices; but they all agreed they could do nothing in the business, except *myself* would apply to the parish.

† There is a curious chapter of the old Psalm-Tune Book, found among the rubbish of this palace when it was pulled down. See my General History, Vol. IV. p. 268, where there are many discoveries on this subject, which *myself* saw, and a remarkable incident which happened at Hick's Hall, when I was Chairman of the Quarter-Sessions.

chaplains bowed assent, and re-echoed *wonderful!* Among other particulars, the Bishop told them that among the ruins of the palace was found a huge *toad*, which measured eight inches over the back, and twelve in length.† All the chaplains said this was wonderful. One gentleman who was present, and was very rich,§ and wished to show his wit, observed that there must have been no *toad-eaters* in those days. When he said this, he looked at the chaplains, who hung down their heads. The meaning of what he said was this, as *myself* conceives, that if there had been any *toad-eaters* in those days, they would not have allowed this toad to grow so much; for, supposing that a toad-eater

† I remember to have discovered a spider in the old wall of old Hick's Hall, which had seventeen legs, and weighed one scruple, six grains and a half, avoirdupois; but it was almost starved. It had literally fretted its guts to fiddle-strings. The best fiddle-strings now, however, are made of catgut. General History, Vol. III. p. 239. *ibid.*

§ This country is amazingly increased in riches within these few years. When I was Chairman to the Quarter-Sessions, a gentleman came to give *myself* and my brethren some intelligence, who was supposed to be worth eighty thousand pounds; and I am told there are merchants in the city worth much more. Smith, on the Wealth of Nations, speaks well on this subject; it is a very good book.



eater is an eater of toads, this toad must have made a rich meal to any two of them. This I take to be the meaning of what the rich gentleman said. In our days, however, the word *toad-eater* is understood metaphorically, and means a chaplain, an officer upon half-pay, or any such person. It is to be regretted that there is not more attention paid to the chaplains; for I remember one who could read Greek and Hebrew, and understand music perfectly well, and yet was obliged to pare his own turnips. In my General History, you will find some instances of Welch parsons who play on the fiddle, to supply deficiencies; and it is more than probable, that one of the toad-eaters above mentioned was a Welchman. Hence the phrase of going a Welching.—*Cætera de-junt.*

## J E U D ' E S P R I T,

ON MR. SHELDON'S ANATOMICAL SCHOOL,  
IN GREAT QUEEN-STREET, BEING CON-  
VERTED INTO AN UNDERTAKER'S SHOP.

Where once dissecting Sheldon lectur'd  
crowds,

A funeral-monger now exhibits shrouds;  
And, like the first possessor of the place,  
Imprisons many a dead man in a case.

JACK-DAW.

R. 2

A Moral

# A MORAL AND PHYSICAL THERMOMETER;

OR, A SCALE of the PROGRESS of TEMPERANCE and INTemperANCE.

LIQUORS, with their EFFECTS, in their usual Order.

70°. WATER

TEMPERANCE.

60°. Milk and Water

50°. Small Beer

40°. Cyder and Perry

30°. Wine

20°. Porter

10°. Strong Beer

{ Health, Wealth,  
Serenity of Mind,  
Reputation, Long Life, and  
Happiness.

{ Cheerfulness  
Strength and  
Nourishment, when taken only at meals,  
and in moderate quantities.

INTemperance.

|                                      | VICES.      | DISEASES.                                                         | PUNISHMENTS. |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| 10°. Punch                           | Idleness    | Sickness                                                          | Debt         |
| 20°. Toddy and Crank                 | Peevishness | Puking, and Tremors of Hands in the Morning                       | Black Eyes   |
| 30°. Grog                            | Quarrelling | Bloatedness                                                       | Rags         |
| 40°. { Flip                          | Fighting    | Inflamed Eyes                                                     | Hunger       |
| { Shrub                              | Lying       | Red Nose and Face                                                 | Hospital     |
| 50°. { Bitters infus'd in            | Swearing    | Sore and swelled Legs                                             | Poor-House   |
| { Spirits                            | Obscenity   | Jaundice                                                          | Jail         |
| { Ufquebaugh                         | Swindling   | Pains in the Limbs, and burning in Palms of Hands & Soles of Feet | Whipping     |
| { Gin, Anniseed,                     | Perjury     | Dropsy                                                            | The Hulks    |
| 60°. { Brandy, Rum,                  | Burglary    | Epilepsy                                                          | Botany-Bay.  |
| { and Whisky, in the Morning.        | Murder      | Melancholy                                                        | GALLOWS.     |
| 70°. { Do. during the Day and Night. | Suicide.    | Madness                                                           |              |
|                                      |             | Palsy                                                             |              |
|                                      |             | Apoplexy                                                          |              |
|                                      |             | DEATH.                                                            |              |

The following Impromptu, by the Hon. THOMAS ERSKINE, was occasioned by his being much indisposed one evening at Lady *Payne's*, who very kindly made him retire and lie down; he soon returned, with the following lines in his hand, which he presented to her Ladyship.

'Tis true I am ill; but I need not complain,  
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew  
*Payne*.

### E P I G R A M.

Our GOD and SOLDIER we alike adore,  
Just at the brink of ruin, not before—  
The danger past, both are alike requited,  
GOD is forgotten, and the SOLDIER  
sighted.

### A POLITICAL CONVERSATION.

WRITTEN DURING THE REBELLION  
IN 1745.

As Tom, the porter, went up Ludgate-Hill,  
A swingeing shower oblig'd him to stand  
still;

So,

So, in the right-hand passage, through the  
gate,

He pitch'd his burden down, just by that  
grate

From whence the doleful accents die away—

'Pity the poor and hungry debtors, pray!'

To the same garrison, from Paul's Church-  
Yard,

A half-drown'd Soldier ran to mount the  
guard.

Now Tom, it seems, the Ludgateer, and he,  
Had all been old acquaintance formerly ;

And, as the coast was clear'd by cloudy  
weather,

They quickly fell into discourse together.

"Twas in December, when the Highland  
clans

Had got to Derbyshire from Preston Pans,

And struck all London with a general panic—

But mark the force of principles Britannic !

The Soldier told them fresh the city-news,

Just piping-hot from stock-jobbers and Jews :

Of French fleets landing, and of Dutch  
neutrality ;

Of jealousies at court, amongst the quality ;

Of Swarston-Bridge, that never was pull'd  
down ;

Of all the rebels in full march to town ;

And

And of a hundred things besides, that made  
Lord-Mayor himself, and Aldermen, afraid:  
Painting with many an oath the case in view,  
And ask'd the Porter what he meant to do.

‘ Do!’ cries he, gravely, ‘ what I did be-  
fore;

‘ What I have done these thirty years, or  
more :

‘ Carry, as I am like to do, my pack ;

‘ Glad to maintain my belly by my back.

‘ If that but hold, I care not, for my part;

‘ Come as come will, I ne’er shall break  
my heart.

‘ I don’t see folks that fight about their  
thrones,

‘ Mind either soldiers flesh or porters  
bones.

‘ Whoe’er gets better when the battle’s  
fought ?

‘ Thy pay or mine won’t be advanc’d a  
groat.

‘ But, to my purpose—now we are met here,

‘ I’ll be my penny tow’rds a pot of beer!’

The Soldier, touch’d a little with surprise,  
To see his friend’s indifference, replies—

‘ What you say, brother, to be sure is good;

‘ But our Religion, Tom—God damn my  
blood—

‘ What

‘ What will become of our Religion ?’—

‘ True !’

Cries the gaol-bird, ‘ and of our Freedom,  
‘ too ?’

‘ If the Pretender,’ rapt he out, ‘ comes on,  
‘ Our Liberty and Property are gone !’

While thus the Soldier and the Prisoner  
join’d,

To work up Tom into a nobler mind ;  
He staring, dumb, with wonder struck and  
pity,

Took up his load, and march’d into the  
city.

### An O D E

*On the MARQUIS of GRANBY’s losing his  
Hat, and charging the French Lines bare-  
headed.*

Where’s now Othello’s hair-breadth ’scapes,\*

And all his fancied hardships of the field ?

Avaunt ! ye mimic, bug-bear shapes,

Shadows must to substance yield !

Granby hath more horrors seen,

By greater perils been beset

Death and Granby thrice have met,

And not a hair between.†

The

\* See Othello’s speech to the Senate.

† He was born bald.

The Frenchmen star'd, as well they might,  
Threw down their arms, and took to flight;  
His naked poll more terror bore,  
Than Cæsar, armour'd o'er and o'er.

“ Parblieu ! ” says one,

“ But I’ll begone ;

“ This is the devil of a Don !

“ ’Tis father Time !—I know his pace ;

“ And that’s his scythe, as sure as fate.”

Granby, who loves a little fun,

And knew the cause which made them run,

Thus the timorous foe bespoke,

(By way of keeping up the joke) :

“ But, gentlemen—hollo ! I say—

“ Take nothing but yourselves away ;

“ You carry, now, the jest too far ;

“ Are these your tricks and spoils of  
“ war ?

“ To leave a man in open air,

“ Waiting on you, *sans* hat or hair ?

“ Why, what a plague ! what breed-  
“ ing’s that ?

“ You, fellow, there—return my hat.

“ ’Tis true, I am not very old ;

“ But, what of that ?—I may take  
“ cold.”

“ Not so, my son,” Fame, smiling,  
said,

And clapt the laurel on his head :

“ Beyond

The  
And  
Ther  
And  
With  
And

To

“  
Botl  
fame  
your  
busi  
sion,  
the  
Jose  
Epit  
on  
unde  
stone  
toget  
I m  
Brar



" Beyond the reach of human eye,  
 " Thy warlike beaver waves on high;  
 " Mars saw it fall, and bade it rise  
 " A hat immortal to the skies."

The hero to the goddess bow'd,  
 And saw her vanish through a cloud;  
 Then turn'd about his horse's head,  
 And pick'd his way through heaps of dead:  
 Within his tent retir'd to rest,  
 And slept—with honour in his breast.

*To the Editor of the MORNING HERALD.*

" MR. EDITOR,

" I have been at the trouble of visiting  
 Botleys, in order to get a copy of Sir Joseph's  
 famous Epitaph upon Lady Mawbey's fa-  
 vourite Sow; and when I had finished this  
 business, I desired to see Sir Joseph's man-  
 sion, and was favoured with admittance:  
 the first book that presented itself was Sir  
 Joseph's Album, in which I found a *critical*  
 Epitaph by Mr. Brandling, upon Sir Joseph's,  
 on the Sow, directed to be cut in *capitals*  
 under Sir Joseph's, upon the *Sow's head-*  
*stone*. I send you the *two* to be published  
*together*, as a pair of *Epitaphical Spectacles*.  
 I must not omit to tell you, that when Mr.  
 Brandling had finished the Epitaph, he left  
 the

the following note at the bottom :—N. B. I think I have fairly *ring'd* Sir Joseph on *this* subject."

# SIR JOSEPH's EPITAPH.

*Hic jacet carus Porca mei carus Domina Marrow.*  
*bey. Ob. 24 September 1788.*

Here lies a *martyr* to the *acrid* gripes,  
That rag'd, for days, like *fur.es*, in her  
tripes ;

Full many a *beave* she gave, and *dismal*  
*squeak*,

Poor Sow, as if her *pretty heart* would break !  
No *vent* she found, from last unto the first ;  
She *curl'd her tail*, and *stretch'd* herself, and  
*burst* !

So have I seen a *bottle* of *new cyder*,  
The cork *wir'd* down, just like an *a&t* with  
*Rider*,

Work *to* and *fro* from bottom to the top,  
From side to side, and never make a *stop* !  
*Never*, no *never*, till the bottle's sides

Give way, and *out the cyder comes in tides* !  
Here lies a sow that never had her *marrow*,\*  
In beauty, and the number of her *farrow* :  
Methinks

\* *Marrow*, a word Sir Joseph pick'd up from  
Mr. Brandling, to signify an *equal*.

Methinks I see her prostrate in her Aye,  
 Her *pig-wigs* sucking, *pretty family*!  
 Their *little tails*, nice things for *Mab* to  
 keep,

And tickle *Parsons* as they lie asleep!  
 Her *paps* so lovely round and *very red*,  
 They look like *boils* just come up to a *head*!  
 Her *fly-flap*\* ears, in spite of proverb old,  
 Might make *silk purses*, and be *dearly sold*:  
 No *Paris sol* needs *she*, nor *Paris pluie*,  
 They *save* her *face*, be't *sun*, or *rain*, or  
*dewy*!

The *spiral wire* betwisted in her nose,  
 From *southern isles* her *high attraction* shows;  
 Alas! alas! I see her bowels rise,  
 T'wards heav'n, courting fiery sacrifice!  
 Prepare a *pile*; the *pile*, my servants, *straw*  
 be,

To immolate this *Sow* of *Lady Mawbey*;  
 Behold a *bacon-cloud* in pomp ascend,  
 So *sav'ry*, every god *must* be her friend!  
 So *savoury*, no *rasber* can compare,  
 Hot from the coals, and brought into the air;  
 And far more grateful to th' *immortal whole*,  
 Than *clouds of fragrance* from the *censer roll*!—  
 A long farewell! to weep, the task be mine,  
 Thy *bursten fate*, thou *paragon of Swine*!

MR.

\* *Fly-flap*. There is no such thing as keeping  
 Sir Joseph out of a *butcher's shop*.

## MR. BRANDLING'S EPITAPH.

\* *Hick jacket carry us Forkay me eye carry us  
Doinay Marwhey. Hob. 24 Sept. 1788.*

Well then, let me die if I ever did hear un-  
til now,

Such a devil of a piece of a work about a Sow;  
To be sure, there is a deal of noise about

*Jobnny Martin's Pig ;*

Because as how, Sir Joseph, *it was a little  
one, not very big ;*

And because they made a song about it,  
and set it to a *jig*.

And then there is Lord Edgcumbe's pig, † that  
goes to watering-places with his Lordship,  
*And waters in the middle of all the ladies,*  
which is thought a *hardship*,

And rides in his Lordship's coach for all the  
world like a *messit*, ‡

And looks out of the window so *natterall* that  
you would say, *God bless it*.

To ride in a coach, and to go to a *watering-*  
place too,

Is only out of *pride*, my friend, to be a imi-  
tating of *you*.

And

\* Sir Joseph's *Latin* Mr. Brandling has adopted in  
preference to his *own*.

† Lord Edgcumbe carried his pig to *Tunbridge-*  
*Wells*

‡ *Messit*, a Northumberland term for a *lap-dog*.

And then there is the *learned pig*, that *spells*  
like any *devil*;

And so, I suppose, the *Morning Herald* will  
to him be very *civil*.

Well, Sir Joseph, this *Sow* of my Lady's,  
for truth's truth, was a most *pritty* *creater*;  
And for a *Sow*, Sir Joseph, I believe as how  
no *fow* was ever *neater*.

The *dry gripes*, my friend, is a most deadly  
kind of *stuff*;

For I had the *other gripes* but lately, and I  
was *griev'd* had enough;

And pity it was, Sir Joseph, this *Sow* should  
come to such a death,

And that her *guts* should come out of her,  
Sir Joseph, instead of her *breath*.

In one *partickleber* we differs more than  
common wider,

Because I cannot see as how the *Sow's guts* are,  
like a *bottle of cyder*:

But if her *guts* had no *vent*, and work'd, and  
could not *dung*,

Why did not *you*, Sir Joseph, stoop down and  
ease the poor creature's *bung*?

Her *wiry* tail she curl'd up like a snake,  
And *bar'd* the place for your advantage  
fake.

To see how *sensible* all these *dumb creatures* are!

'Twas *you*, Sir Joseph, that wanted *nowise* in *that affair*:

*Natur* is very perverse to make these dumb things so *wise*,

When *we*, who can *speak*, cannot understand them with our eyes.

As for her pigs *little tails*, from all *I* can draw,

They fartinly will tickle a *parson's rump* better nor a *barley-straw*.

This *Mab*, you talks of, is, mayhap, some *outlandish queen*,

And a *very pretty business* you have found for her *as ever was seen*!

But if you would take a *club*, Sir Joseph, and give *your parsons* a *good banging*,

It would do better nor a *pig's tail*, to tickle them from a *Tyburn hanging* :\*

If you would but play *Old Gooseberry* with those *heretic dogs*,

It would be better for you, then, like a *prodigal*, to be a *keeping of hogs*.

But I believes you had better leave them to themselves as well;

For nobody nor *they*, Sir Joseph, can go a *nearer way to Hell*.

As

\* *Tyburn hanging*—a fling at our Clergy through Dr. Dodd's *Ghost*.

As for the Sow's *paps*, and *lugs*, and *wire*,  
as one may say,

They are all as *Natur* made them in her own  
*pusillanimus* way.

But how is all this, Sir Joseph, about (Lord  
bless us !) a *cloud of bacon* ?

As sure as ever I'm alive, you *burnt the sow* ;  
or else I am mistaken :

Yes, yes, Sir Joseph, I spies you out, in  
spite of all your *smothers*,

You *burnt the Sow*, for fear the *gripes* should  
get among the *others* :

Then how could you be such a *bold face*, as  
to put up this *head-stone*,

And write an *Epitaph* upon the *Sow* when  
*she was burnt and gone* ?

Now, Sir Joseph, let me give you a bit of  
advice ;

It shall be a *rasber* in *that way*, and *very*  
*nice* :

If your *nostrils* prefer a nasty stinking *cloud of*  
*bacon*,

To clouds of *fragrance* from the *cenfer* shaken,  
From the *sacred cenfer* by the *holy priest*,

You will be reckon'd no more better than  
one of my *beast* ;

You will be *curs'd* and *damn'd* with *book*, with  
*candle*, and with *bell*,

*Because* no mortal man before had ever such a  
*heretic smell*.

## THE METAMORPHOSIS,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUSIAD.

Sweet was the nymph I lov'd, divine her  
 air,  
 Her cheek, ah! purer than the blush of  
 morn;  
 Fairer than Alpine snows, her breast, so fair,  
 Look'd down upon the lily's white with  
 scorn.

Mild on my ear her melting accents stole,  
 That promis'd ages of delicious love;  
 Her form with Grecian statues vied, her  
 soul  
 Seem'd borrow'd from some Saint that  
 sings above.

Thus fancy rioted—all wrapt in flame,  
 I married, blest'd my stars, and went to  
 bed,  
 Possess'd—and found next morn my wond'rous  
 dame  
 The d—dest b—h that ever wore a  
 head.

## ON A KISS.

Philosophers pretend to tell,  
 How, like an *hermit* in his cell,  
 The Soul within the brain doth dwell—

But



But I, who am not half so wise,  
 Think I have seen 't in Chloe's eyes ;  
 Thence—to her radiant lips it stole,  
 And there—I kifs'd her very *Soul* !

## ON A LADY

WHO SPRINKLED FLOUR UPON HER BO-  
 SOM, TO MAKE IT APPEAR WHITE.

Fix'd on the flour, still let me gaze,  
 That's spread above my Chloe's stays :—  
 Enchanting vision ! where the rose  
 Beneath th' aspiring lily blows.

Thus *Ætna's* top 's congeal'd with snow,  
 Whilst lower prominences glow ;  
 And thus the candied twelfth-cake 's seen,  
 Frosted without, pure spice within.

O'er her provoking breast, the sight }  
 Of such desirable white }  
 To keenness whets my appetite.  
 Sweet flour, I sigh, all flowers excelling,  
 But more for eating than for smelling.

In looks, smiles, glances, some delight ;  
 Here more substantial charms unite :  
 These make a lover's mouth to water  
 With real hunger to get at her ;  
 And if the squeamish nymph prove coy,  
 She'll in a double sense destroy.

If then a guinea (tempting vale!)  
 Could e'er a cook-maid's heart assail,

Listen

Listen, kind Susan, to my pray'r,  
And aid my passion for the fair.

Soon as thy mistress shall undress,  
Fail not this flour to possess;  
Seize instantly the scrap'd-off prize,  
A ready store for future pies;  
From whence thy skill may raise a paste  
Of kissing-crust just to my taste:  
Or if to dumpling more incline  
Thy genius—dumpling, food divine—  
Cease not to work it out and in,  
With thy convivial rolling-pin.

Now let me view it in the pot,  
Next on the table piping hot;  
And whilst—ye gods!—I stuff and cram,  
Think what a lucky dog I am;  
Think on what dumplings I have seen,  
Then bless my stars—and eat again.

### A R I D D L E.

I am an implement that 's common,  
Much occupy'd by man and woman;  
Not very thick, nor very long,  
But tolerably stiff and strong.  
If inches nine will give content,  
That measure 's much about my stint;  
E'en though the knack of circumcision  
Hath somewhat alter'd my condition.

Sometimes

Sometimes I'm only us'd for pleasure,  
 And then I'm jaded out of measure.  
 If a young vig'rous Bard employs me,  
 Egad, e'en to the stump she tries me.  
 A Parson, to get one in ten,  
 In private plies me now and then.  
 The Lawyer, and the Doctor too,  
 For fees will wear me black and blue.  
 For length of time I've done't, and still  
 Bring store of grist to either's mill.  
 I have a dribbling at the snout,  
 Which oft requires the use of clout ;  
 And yet the purest Nymph will use me ;  
 The Queen herself will not refuse me.  
 I'm us'd by numbers of all arts,  
 Who would be reckon'd men of parts ;  
 And none esteem a lady polish'd,  
 Who has not often me demolish'd.  
 Now let me tell you, by the by,  
 A minute's labour drains me dry.  
 I'm now exhausted, and quite done,  
 So pray to all my name make known.

*Solution*—A PEN.

### A R I D D L E.

Guess, gentle Ladies, if you can,  
 'Tis something very common ;  
 What almost ev'ry well-bred man  
 Presents to ev'ry woman.

At

At first, perhaps, 'twill make you weep,  
 And put you in strange taking;  
 And, if you are inclin'd to sleep,  
 'Twill often keep you waking.

'Tis physic and diversion too,  
 Just as you 're pleas'd to make it;  
 Raises your spirits when they're low,  
 And tickles as you take it.

*Solution—SNUFF.*

Perhaps the following is the best accidental Pun that ever appeared in print.—When the Duke of Rutland was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he was, or was reputed to be, much attached to a noted courtesan, whose name was Pegg Plunket. His Excellency had just taken his seat one evening in the theatre of Crow-street, with his beautiful Duchesse, when who should seat herself in the box over him but Peg. An uncivilised Hibernian in the shilling-gallery, a stranger to restraint, roared out, to the astonishment of every body, “Who lay with you last night, Peg?”—“*Manners*, you black-guard, *Manners!*” \* said Peg, and kept her seat with the utmost composure.

\* The Duke's name.

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them—"By God, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and the next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The Marshal, being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, in his rough and hasty manner—"It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked him what he had to say? "Why, my Lord," said the culprit, "when first I had the honour of your conversation, you was obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know, whether it is your pleasure to be so; because, if you won't, I must—that's all." The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be released.

EPITAPH.

## E P I T A P H

*On as whimsical and perhaps as original a  
Country Gentleman as ever lived.*

Enwrapt with the dead in the church of  
\*Kilmurry,

From which 'tis suppos'd he won't start in a  
hurry,

Lies honest Tom B——y, a whimsical fel-  
low,

Who with good whiskey-punch and his  
friend was oft mellow:

This liquor, he swore, was Jack Falstaff's  
fam'd sack,

Though deem'd the invention of fam'd  
Paddy-Whack.

Gay Beaumont† protested no man upon  
earth

Was a better companion, since Momus had  
birth.

But now he is gone, let us speak out the  
truth,

Nor give to old-age all the vigour of youth.

He lov'd all his friends, with an Irishman's  
zeal;

The tongue spoke too much for affection to  
feel.

He

\* A country church in the county of Clare, in  
Ireland.

† A *bon-vivant* Doctor.

He lov'd ev'ry tenant whene'er he brought  
money,

And would call him familiarly, " Paddy,  
my honey ;"

He lov'd him, the next time he call'd, full  
as well,

Till he heard a sad tale—then he wish'd him  
in hell.

My money, my money, was always his call ;  
For this, through his life, he lov'd better  
than all !

A George, a Jacobus, a William, or Anne,  
Had all equal weight with this singular  
man ;

He lov'd 'em as well as a Jew his religion ;  
And Brooks's fam'd club could ne'er make  
him a pigeon.

When a friend call'd to see him, he prefs'd  
him to stay ;

But expences occurring, he wish'd him  
away.

His mind chang'd as oft as the vane on a  
spire ;

Those he hated to-day, he'd to-morrow  
admire.

To be brief, he was such a compound of  
strange matter,

That none pleas'd him long, not e'en those  
that would flatter :

T

And

And in all the church-yard, since its first con-  
 secration,  
 Or any church-yard in this wonderful Na-  
 tion,  
 Death never interr'd such a whimsical  
 wight;  
 So, till judgment's loud trump, let us wish  
 him good night.

ROBIN M'COWEN.

### E P I G R A M,

*Supposed to be written by Peter Pindar, Esq.  
 on the Works of Sir William Chambers,  
 and Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

How different are their merits found,  
 Who charm the public eye!  
 Sir WILLIAM's wonders seek the ground,  
 And all Sir JOSHUA's fly.

### EPITAPH ON LADY H—,

BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Stop, passenger—behold this hated tomb,  
 Where sleeps in death the gorgon Lady H—  
 Stop, passenger—reflect a moment, here,  
 On all the vices that forbid a tear!  
 Whate'er Pandora, fam'd for ills, let fly,  
 To dash the bitter cup of misery,

This



This woman own'd ; and, with a heart of  
gall,

From Fortune's mansion scattered among  
all.

No orphan's pray'r, no widow's tear of  
woe,

At her last \* pageant was observ'd to flow.

Hearse, horsemen, banners, all, unnotic'd  
pass'd,

And all rejoic'd the fiend was dead at last.

Like noxious Mary, England's harpy Queen,  
Her name was blasted through the gorgeous  
scene.

The † Queen of Hell was toss'd from tongue  
to tongue,

And Virtue's requiem neither said nor sung.

Lean ‡ servants, starv'd in Fortune's spendid  
dome,

Without a sigh consign'd her to this tomb ;  
Left her to rot, till Judgment's trump shall  
sound,

A corpse detested in this hallow'd ground.

T 2

SKETCH

\* She was buried with great magnificence.

† As well known by that name as her title.

‡ She was the most oppressive woman to her ser-  
vants in the whole circle of Nobility.

## SKETCH OF AN ELECTION.

All will now soon be hurry and bustle through the country—candidates driving here—electors running there—compliments flying on this side—lies on that—revilings and slanderings on another—balls for the ladies—dinners for the gentlemen—post-horses dropping down dead—the roads covered with dust—the inns filled with people—congees, smiles, and the long *et cetera* of canvassing.

How humble, how suppliant, how condescending, how polite, how affable, will the Great now be to the Little!—"I hope your family are all well?"—"How is the sweet little cherub, your last daughter?—Why do you never call on my Lady—she wonders at it?"—"Will you and your husband dine at the Castle next Sunday?"—"Hasn't your brother a vote? I spoke about that place to Lord G——, and your brother is to have it for certain."—"If you see *Tom Three Votes*, tell him from me, that his lease shall be renewed at the old rent—I always intended it, but Parliament so wholly engrosses my time—the good of one's country, you know."—"Good day, don't forget Sunday, and bring all the children with you."

THEATRICAL

## THEATRICAL.

The Bill of Fare which follows, is transmitted to us as genuine, and, as far as singularity can be gratifying, must be acceptable to our Readers.

## KILKENNY, THEATRE-ROYAL.

By His MAJESTY's Company of COM-  
MEDIANS,

*(The last Night, because the Company go To-  
morrow to WATERFORD,)*

On SATURDAY, May 14th, will be performed by command, of several Respectible people in this learned Matrapolish, for the

*Benefit of Mr. KEARNS,*

The TRAGEDY of

H A M L E T,

*Originelly written and composed by the celebrated DAN HAYES of Limerick, and since inserted in Shakespear's Works.*

HAMLET, by Mr. Kearns, (being his first appearance in that character), who between the acts will perform several Solos on the Patent Bag-Pipes which play two tunes, at the same time.

T 3

OPHELLA

OPHELIA by Mrs. PRIOR, who will introduce several favorit Airs in character, particularly "The Lads of Richmond-hill," and "We'll be Unhappy together," from the reverend Mr. DIBDIN's *oldities*.

The parts of the KING and QUEEN, by directions of the rev. father o'Callaghan, will be omitted as to immoral for any Stage.

POLONIUS, the comical Politician, by a Young Gentleman, being his First appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Grave-Digger, and Larcenes by Mr. SAMPSON, the Great London Comedian.

The Characters to be dressed in ROMAN Sheaps.

To which will be added an Interlude, in which will be introduced several Slight of Hand Tricks, by the celebrated SURVEYOR HUNT.

---

The Whole to conclude with the Farce of  
*MAHOMET the IMPOSTER.*

MAHOMET by Mr. KEARNS.

---

TICKETS to be had of Mr. KEARNS, at the sign of the GOATS Beard in Castle-street,

\* \* \* The

\* \* The Value of the Tickets as usual, will be taken [if required] in Candles, Bacon, Soap, Butter, Cheese, &c. as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public.

†† No Person whatsoever will be admitted into the Boxes without shoes and stockings.

“ Pray,” said the Princess E——, when very young, to Lady Charlotte Finch, what, my dear madam, is a maidenhead?”—“ A maidenhead, my love!” said the good-natured Lady, much confused, a maidenhead, child! why it is—Oh, there’s Mr. Pitt; ask him.” Mr. Pitt replied very neatly—“ A maidenhead is a bird that flies away when it has got a tail.”

### E P I G R A M.

Said Sue to Will, the other day,  
 With countenance cast down,  
 I have not now—alas! the day,  
 A *Will* to call my own.  
 Last night you vow’d, said *Will* to *Sue*,  
 When all was dark and still,  
 So long as I prov’d kind and true,  
 I was your own dear *Will*.

On

On Mrs. GOSS.

Gaily dress'd near Charing-Cross,  
 There I first met Rhoda Goss;  
 On her zone, her hands across,  
 Smiling trip'd sweet Rhoda Goss.  
 With Rutland's beauty what a fuss!  
 Go, behold fair Rhoda Goss!  
 From Venus to fam'd Fanny Ross\*,  
 None can cope with Rhoda Goss:  
 Priests would quit their *Pater nos*,  
 And only kneel to Rhoda Goss:  
 When vernal sweets the groves emboss,  
 I seek the shades with Rhoda Goss;  
 In her pretty house of moss,  
 How sweet to toy with Rhoda Goss!  
 Sweet as plumb of finest gloss,  
 The honied lips of Rhoda Goss.  
 When disasters make me cross,  
 I fly to lovely Rhoda Goss.  
 Care, pain, riches, all are dross,  
 When embrac'd by Rhoda Goss.  
 When she dies, farewell the loss  
 Of human bliss in Rhoda Goss.

TOUCHSTONE.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,  
 'Have mercy, Heav'n!' the Parson cries;  
 'And

\* The celebrated Fanny Murray.

- ' And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,  
 ' Thy blessing send, in genial rains !'  
 The sermon ended, and the prayers,  
 The Parson to be gone prepares ;  
 When, with a look of brighten'd smiles—  
 ' Thank Heaven, it rains !' cries Farmer  
 Giles.  
 ' Rains !' quoth the Parson—' Sure you  
 joke !  
 ' Rain ! Heaven forbid ! — I've got no  
 cloak !'

An upstart Lady in one of our midland  
 counties, in conversation lately before a  
 large company, said, " She thought there  
 were but three sorts of people, viz. The  
 Gentry, the Middling-kind of People, the  
 Servants and Vulgar :—in short," says she,  
 " China, Delf, and Crockery". A servant,  
 who was waiting in the room at the time,  
 upon being ordered by the above Lady to  
 call down the Nurse and the Child, went  
 to the bottom of the stairs, and, loud  
 enough to be heard by the company, called  
 out, " Crockery, bring down little China."  
 On his return to the room, his mistress  
 threatened him with dismission for his im-  
 pudence : he replied, " Madam, you may  
 save yourself the trouble, I am going."

*An*

*An extraordinary Sermon, entitled, Conjugal Love and Duty: a Discourse upon Heb. xiii. 4. preached at St. Ann's, in Dublin. Sept. 11, 1757; by Dr. Brett: With a Dedication to the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Russel, asserting the Prerogative of Beauty, and vindicating the Privileges of the Fair-Sex. An Extract or two from the Dedication, we presume, will not be disagreeable to our Readers.*

“ Madam, there is an Italian proverb, which says, that *handsome Girls are born married*: the meaning whereof is not what hath been vulgarly supposed, that *marriages are made in Heaven*; but, that such is the power of beauty over the human heart, that when they *will* they *may*. This being so, the intimation to your Ladyship, is to look out, and provide for a change of condition: to remain single, will not be long in your power; for beauty that strikes every eye, will necessarily charm many hearts: nature ordained it universal sway, and the corruptions of nature, multiplied as they have been through a series of 5000 years, have even yet been able to give it but one rival. In the human heart (I speak it to their shame) temples have been erected to the god of wealth:



wealth: many fair victims have we seen too bleeding at his altars; and, what is worse, the very hand now writing to your Ladyship, hath sometimes been the sacrificer. What, therefore, you have to learn, is only to choose with discretion; to maintain with dignity the proffered sovereignty which contending suppliants will intreat you to accept.

“ All the great heroes, the most renowned in their generations, the Scripture worthies in particular, have had their Dailahs, to whose bewitching charms they have one and all yielded; reluctantly some, and fondly others: *these* proving their wisdom, and *those* their folly, since *there is no enchantment against beauty*, nor any thing which it cannot enchant. He must be something more, or something worse, than a man, *i. e.* a god or a devil, who hath escaped, or who can resist its power: the Gods of the Heathens could not; Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Apollo, their amours are as famous as their names; so that, that sturdiness in human nature, wherever it is found, which can resist, argues plainly how much of the devil is wrought up in the composition: if the native power were not so great

Great as it is, so many arts, so many opportunities to soothe and to persuade, would make it impossible.

“ This prating old man! will he never have done?”—Not yet; for to you, Madam, and of you, I could prate for ever. Garulity is indeed the vice of old-age: the highest honorary tribute that youth pays to it, is patient attention. We grow fond of prating, when we are good for nothing else. Besides, madam, it is, though I am sorry to remind you of it, a vice I have observed common to both sexes: old women can prate as well as old men; and the same allowance on your part, if ever you come to it, will be demanded; and, alas! young, gay, and blooming as you are, to this you will come at last: lovely as that form is, it will wrinkle and wither; that vermillion will be turned into paleness, those brilliant eyes grow dim and faint: in the gazing crowd that now surrounds you, notwithstanding the blaze you make, the lustre with which you enamel and gild the spot you stand upon; though you reanimate, give life, sensation, appetite, a kind of rejuvenescence, a desire at least, a wish to live and be young again, to every thing you touch or look upon, the meanest of your admirers,  
even

even I, wizened and worn out by labour, nay, worse, by disappointments, in the course of a few suns and moons, will be as much respected, heeded, listened to. Pity, indeed, it is! but it must be so: what are you then to do? Why, briefly this: look as well into yourself, as at yourself, and thence learn how to preserve and improve the authority which beauty gives, to make it indefectible, and, as I maintain it may, interminable.

THE  
THREE MONKS:  
A TALE.

BY JOHN STEPHENSON HALL, ESQ.

A merry story's better far,  
Than a lampoon or witty libel:  
Mine is from Margaret of Navarre,  
As true as any in the bible:  
*Vrai comme l'Evangile*, 'tis e'en  
True as the gospel, says the Queen.  
Three Merchants of Savoy, I know not  
when,  
Were travelling, each with his spouse,  
Pilgrims to St. Antonio of Vienne;  
All of them bound by previous vows,

U

In

In journeying to live together,  
 Not like their fathers and their mothers,  
 But like three sisters and three brothers,  
 Like them in beds apart to lie,  
 As well in cold, as in hot weather,  
 In chambers separate, but nigh ;  
 Lest, through mistake, sister and brother,  
 Or in their sleep, or in the dark,  
 Might tumble one upon another,  
 And the collision strike a spark ;  
 Which, meeting with the tinder-box,  
 Is all that they require ;  
 All such combustibles as smocks,  
 To make the least inflammable catch fire.  
 They were all left in full possession  
 Of every other sense or taste,  
 That is, to use them with discretion,  
 You know there's none below the waist.  
 At Chambery arriving, our three pair  
 Spar'd no expence at their hotel,  
 Excellent wine, and plenty of good fare,  
 All appetites but one far'd well.  
 They supp'd, and seem'd so loath to part,  
 The brothers and the sisters both,  
 I am persuaded from my heart,  
 Had much ado to keep their oath.  
 The Ladies to their room repair'd,  
 To chat, both in and out of bed ;  
 Their beds before had been prepar'd,  
 Three, with one pillow for each head :

But

But were their husbands there, *and there-  
about,*

Instead of one,

Had there been none,

I do believe *they could have done without* :

I need not tell you, when three dames

Gather'd together are undressing,

They call things by their naked names,

So plain, they leave no room for guessing :

When the discourse is turn'd from fashions

To certain objects of the passions ;

And in undressing you may swear,

They show their charms, and they com-  
pare.—

Three Monks, all three Father Confessors,

That lay hard by, wonder'd to hear,

In terms of art distinct and clear ;

Which made the Holy Fathers *rise,*

*And stand,* and listen with surprise ;

~~When, gliding to the door, they saw~~

Up, on their beds, all in their shifts,

The three fair dames that scorn'd to hide

Any of God's bounteous gifts.

The Monks, much edified, retir'd,

And by St. Francis were inspir'd :

They knew they lay without a mate,

And, like brave soldiers of St. Francis,

Resolv'd they should no longer wait,

And suffer for their husbands' fancies.

St. Francis must have been their guide;  
 Most certainly St. Francis knew,  
 'The Ladies, after the review——  
 Forgot the key was left on the outside.  
 Now silence reign'd; the fair-ones slept;  
 And out the watchful brethren came,  
 Secur'd the door, and softly crept,  
 Each bold Franciscan to his flame.  
 There was no time for them to spare,  
 For preface or solicitation;  
 They seiz'd time by the lock of hair,  
 Without one word on the occasion.  
 Finding their Dears so hot and greedy,  
 And so soon up and on again;  
 The Ladies, who were all so needy,  
 Found that resistance would be vain.  
 One of the sisters had a notion,  
 The alteration was so strange,  
 That hers had taken some love potion,  
~~To make to very great a change.~~  
 They bore it all with patient bearing,  
 And without uttering a word:  
 All the three wives, whilst they were pair-  
 ing,  
 Thought theirs the only pairing bird;  
 Each held her tongue, and took her feed,  
 Pitying the two that stood in need.

The

The champions, after their great deeds,  
 Gently retir'd, exhausted quite;  
 And, with their baggage and their beads,  
 March'd off as soon as it was light.  
 The Merchants slept so long, thanks to the  
 wine,  
 So well to both the parties suited,  
 Their heads, on waking, ack'd no more  
 than mine;  
 And their wives rose, fresh and recruited.  
 Then huddling on their clothes, in the mean  
 while,  
 Their tongues perpetually wagging,  
 The smartest cry'd, with an arch smile,  
 And with a tone of voice like bragging,  
 Pray, were you wak'd, like me, last night?  
 Had you a visit from your spouses?  
 If yours were in as fine a plight,  
 They must have been about your houses:  
 Mine wak'd me, and away he scour'd  
 At once, and ran me out of breath;  
 I thought I should have been devour'd,  
 Press'd, hugg'd, and squeez'd, and crush'd  
 to death.  
 Ours too were in as good condition,  
 The others said—what could it mean?  
 It must have been the prohibition,  
 They all agreed, that made them all so  
 keen.

Undoubtedly, said Madam Smart;  
 Oft have I wonder'd, for my part,  
 With what indifference they begin,  
 And jog on in a lawful deed:  
 But let it be a mortal sin,  
 Heavens! with what ardour they proceed!  
 The men were up, and in their jackets,  
 And were just putting on their shoes,  
 When their wives enter'd with their packets,  
 Full of glad tidings and great news.  
 No wonder that you lay till noon,  
 After your last night's feats, said they,  
 To come and break your oaths so soon,  
 And make us break ours too, was not fair  
 play.

Each to her husband then repeated,  
 How suddenly she was surpris'd,  
 How handsomely she had been treated;  
 For which she hop'd she should not be chastis'd:

The fault was his; she had no blame;  
     She was so hurry'd,  
     Baited and worry'd;

If 'twas to do again, she would do the same.  
 You must be drunk or mad, I fear,  
 The husband cried, 'tis a clear case,  
 I never stirr'd, or I'm not here,  
 Out of my bed, out of this place;—

And



And so they one and all declar'd,  
 And look'd like simpletons, and star'd.  
 The women blush'd up to the ears,  
 First thought of this, and then of that;  
 And their suspicions and their fears  
 Made them begin to smell a rat.  
 A Merchant, wiser than the rest,  
 Making a sign they understood,  
 Laugh'd and said, Wife, we were in jest,  
 My sins, I hope, have done us good.  
 I hope, said he, you'll wish me joy,  
 And our endeavours and joint labours  
 Will be productive of a boy.  
 I wish the same for my two neighbours:  
 An act, said he, you will allow,

Of so great merit,  
 It must repair our broken vow;  
 You know, we broke it with great spirit.  
 'Twas not enough, said Mistress Sly,  
 To break your oath, but you must run,  
 And go to bed to make a lie;  
 For which you don't deserve a son;  
 And yet I hope, and expect rather,  
 Your son will not be like his father.  
 With that the females in a titter  
 Retir'd to gather up the litter.  
 The women gone, the Merchant cry'd:  
 Brothers, you see how matters go;  
 Our ladies have been monkcupy'd,  
 Which is not fit for them to know:

We

We must lock up this secret in our trunks;  
 For, if the faithful partners of our bed  
 Should know their obligations to the Monks,  
 Monks will be always running in their heads.

To pocket the affront, is right;

As to our wives, 'tis best, you'll own,

To lie with them ourselves at night,

And never let them lie alone.

Whether the ladies' doubts were clear'd  
 away,

I never heard, so cannot say:

But I have heard that, ever after,

Whene'er they met at any place,

And look'd each other in the face,

They fell into a fit of laughter;

And, with great gratitude and reason,

For their devotion in due season,

His blessing St. Antonio sent,

With three huge boys, made and conceiv'd

Monastically, 'tis believ'd,

To the six Pilgrims' great content.

#### MORAL.

Cleave to your wives, the Scripture says;

I say that cleaving is a blessing;

But you must stick and cleave always,

(Or else your head may get a dressing),

As

As close as if you were tied and buckled,  
 So close no creature can get at her ;  
 You might, my Lord, be made a cuckold,

And I know nothing of the matter.  
 To make a vow to leave your wife in danger,

And let her lie alone and fob her,  
 Is to lock up your cash before a stranger,  
 And tempt him to become a robber ;

Which was exemplified, you find,  
 In three bold Monks, all of one mind.

This truth will follow from that sequel,  
 Which ought to be observ'd and known,  
 That one of us left quite alone,

Or three of us together, are things equal.

## SPECIMEN OF ORATORY

*At COACHMAKERS-HALL,*

### ON THROWING AT COCKS.

Speaker—Mr. GILES METAPHOR,  
 Of the Middle-Temple.

Mr. President,

Wholly unprepared as I am, and conscious of my own inability, I should not have dared to speak to this question, but that

that its importance, in a civil and religious view, calls for support from the whole artillery of eloquence. Let the voluptuous man, Sir, at other Societies declaim for the transient rewards of *orgeat* and *porter*, and other *sublunary gratifications of time and sense*: but my voice shall be dedicated to my country *gratis*. Yes, gentlemen!—*gratis* will we support the cause—*gratis* will we *raise*—*gratis* will we *storm*—*gratis* will we *saveat, savear, rebuke, reply, convince*—hurl the thunder of argument, let rush the torrent of reproof—defend our country—check monarchy—and, sinking slavery into the gulf of oblivion, “leave not a wreck behind.” [A clap.]

Now, with respect to the question, I do not mean to trace religion back into the midnight of monkish ignorance, or search for the custom of throwing at cocks in the nursery of superstition, but to level my arguments against the bulwarks of Popery, and prop up our liberties with the *rafters of conviction*. Liberty, Gentlemen, is like—*a way-post*—it directs to glory and emulation; while Popery is like a *salamander*—whose element is fire, and it cannot exist in any other. [A prodigious clap]. But, Sir, shall we suffer these burning ruffians to lay their

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their Popish claws upon us? Never!—Let them go on with their persuasions, and glory in their ignorance; for they have no more business with Liberty, than *a toad has with a side-pocket*. [*A clap*].

Look into the Liberties of other countries—look at the petty extent of their privileges. In Portugal and Spain they are errant slaves, and in France they have only the *Statutes of Bastille and Lettre-de-Cacher*\*—liberties by no means extensive; they only savour of liberty, and are no more like *Magna Charta* than a pig is like a fortnight. [*A vast clap*.]

The gentleman in the leather breeches has, with much weight of argument, attempted a defence of Popish customs, and drawn an inference from the ignorance of the vulgar; but I think vulgar opinion might as well be produced to countenance “envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.”

My position, Sir, is, that Popery is inconsistent with Liberty. If, then, I am asked whether I will countenance the very dawnings of Papal authority, I answer in the affirmative,—No! There are many persons who betray their weakness, by tolerating *pancakes, fritters, and hot cross-buns*,  
and

\* Written in the year 1780, by Counsellor Madan.

and find a degree of sensual gratification in the observance of feast-days. But remember, these are only to bait the hook with; and believe me, when the fish is caught, he will be broiled for his credulity. The tradesman who hangs out the sign of the *Blue Boar*, may as well be supposed to sell *Blue Boars* as the Pope to deal in niceties, because the cheating festivals of Holy Church afford them. No! Popery—is like a *five-barr'd gate*—it must be entirely over-leap'd: it is like a *blacksmith*, which softens and subdues by fire; it is like *birch broom*, and sweeps down all before it; it is like a *comet*, from its fiery appendages; it is like an *old maid* for rigour, and like a *coal-pit* for depth and darkness. [*A clap.*]

But I am asked whether throwing at cocks is an encouragement to these desperate tenets? I think it is: but, great as the consequence of this may be, I think there are other things of a more *Beelzebubian* hue. What think ye of *geese on Michaelmas-day*? Does not this custom shew the cloven foot of Popery in its most flagrant shape? But what d'ye think of *Christmas-boxes*, *April-fools*, *Minced-pies*, *Valentines*, and *New-Year's Gifts*? Are not these “a hair of the same dog?”

Believe

Believe me, we are too far gone already into Popery to pretend to argue a case of conscience. If any doubt of my position, let them look at that detested drove of outlandish ruffians, exceeding all the plagues of Egypt, called *Fiddlers*! I blush at the name; I blush for you; I blush for my country: that a fiddler! the very offscouring of mankind! the very offals and garbage of human nature, should not only be borne with, but courted and caressed!—that such a rascal, I say, should pocket thousands, and loll in his chariot for rubbing horse-hair and catgut together, while Englishmen are shot at for sixpence a day, and English artists starve for want of countenance! [*A shouting and clapping.*]

I hate a fiddler, my blood rises at a fiddler, I can't bear a fiddler. Then there is *Porkerini* and *Tindutchini*, and *Botch*, and *Sacchini*, and the devil knows who! with their damned capering, and shivering their outlandish trotters, and their throats like a catcall! why, are not these scoundrels our disgrace? Are we not degenerated into Jack Puddings, and these the *gridiron* upon our backs? I say that England is now no better than a *Bartle'my fair*; and when I see a great hulking fellow, of six foot and a

X

half

half high, striding about in a hoop petticoat, grinning as wide as the present position of his ears will admit of, and howling like the wind through a key-hole, I am ready to exclaim with the indignation of the Roman satyrist, *Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo: virorum.* [A clap.]

My next detestation is a *Parlyvoos*! I do abhor a *Parlyvoos*. These chaps too, because they frizzle up the modern puppies, and can stuff more into a woman's head than an Englishman, run away with all the custom. I'd wear a wig to the end of eternity, before I'd encourage such a parcel of vagrants. But your fine gentry can't be content with a Play, or Sadler's Wells, or Astley's Riding-School; they must have *Pantheons* and *Festinos*, forsooth, and go jiggeting with fellows to masquerades, and make work for the Commons! I say that these things are downright Popery; and sooner than my wife should flaunt it to any of these —inos with a rakehelly maccaroni at her elbow, I'd send her to the *Jews Synagogue* to hear *high Mass*. [A prodigious clap.]

These are my sentiments, Mr. President, on this important question, and I hope to find the sense of this Society favourable to my opinion. [A long and repeated clap.]

SAMMY



## SAMMY SIMPLE,

UPON THE SAME QUESTION.

Mr. President,

I a'n't no scollard, like the gentleman in the great wig; but I thinks as how I have a right to talk as *much as he*, for I paid sixpence to come in as *well as he*; but I should not have said nothing neither in this affair, but methinks I knows about *shying* at cocks as *much as he*. I remember what *monstrous good fun* we had last Shrove Tuesday in our lane. My heart! what *fun* it was! Why, we *shy'd* down all the cocks in the neighbourhood.

There was *Bobby Pestle*, the 'patecary, my uncle *Snuffle*, and *Peter Pillage* the exciseman, and honest little *Capias* the bailiff. How we did laugh! And so *Pillage* he got tipsy, and he began *jarwing*, and said as *how* I was a little sniveling rascal; and so I said as he was a rascal, if he came to that. And so he hit me a punch o'the face, and so I *gin* him another; and if it had not been for *Ned Softly*, my heart how I would have *warmed* him, that I would! I do love *shying* at cocks, that I do, because it is *such fun*. And what business has the Pope with my cocks? I'll shy at 'em for

all him, that I will. Sure I'm an Englishman; I don't care for the Pope, nor a'nt *afear'd* on him, though Parson *Pummel-cushion* says he's as bad as the devil. My heart! what a wicked man he must be! I wonder, now, as they don't have him before the Parliament, and hang him! I would; I know, that I would. Well, I likes liberty now, and a mob, to my heart! Dear me, what *fun* it was last spring, when welbroke all the windows, because Admiral K—— beat the French! How I did laugh! But I dare say there is never no mobs in France! Lord! what fellows they must be, to be *afear'd*! Well, give me liberty! But perhaps this nasty Pope won't let us draw King and Queen o'Twelfth-day, or roll down Greenwich-hill of Easter Monday, nor none of them kind of things, soon! Hang him! I wish I had him here, I'd *warm* him, that I would; for I likes a little pleasure of that sort, because it is such *fun*. But I thought, Mr. President, as how the Pretender was dead; what, is there a *new* one? Well, I don't care, I'm reckoned a bit of a dab at shying, and I won't leave off for him, that I won't.

Now I thinks as how that gentleman was very right, that said the women's heads was

too high ; for when I went to the Assembly at Little Hornsey, there did I pay three and sixpence for only eight nights, and I could not look about me for the high heads ! and I could name people, that, because they keeps a *chay*, and are removed to a polite part of *Fetter-lane*, must have their heads big enough to stuff a settee. However, I thinks as how they are great fools for their pains ; and so, Mr. President, I have said my say, and so I shan't take no more notice. [*A hiss.*]

*The EXETER MAIDENS PETITION, humbly addressed to the Hon. House of Commons.*

S I R S,

We, the *maids* of *Exon* city,  
 (The *maids*, good lack ! the more's the pity).  
 Do humbly offer this petition,  
 To represent our sad condition ;  
 Which once made known, our hope and  
 trust is,  
 Your Honours will afford us justice :  
 But lest our tender sense of wrongs,  
 And volubility of tongues,  
 Should make us trespass on your leisure,  
 And *speechify* it out of measure ;  
 To save our breath, and eke your time,  
 We check our *fluent speech* with rhyme.

Now, you must know—ah! can't you  
guess

The subject of a *maid's distress*?  
(Plague on the *widows* that compel us,  
Thus to petition for *young fellows*)  
But we were saying, you must know,  
(Though blushing we declare our woe)  
A virgin was design'd by nature  
A weakly and imperfect creature;  
So apt to fall, so apt to stray,  
Her *wants* require a *guide*, a *stay*:  
And then, so timorous of sprites,  
She dares not lie alone at nights;  
Say what she will, do what she can,  
Her heart still gravitates to MAN:  
From whence, 'tis evident as light,  
That *marriage* is a *maiden's right*;  
And therefore 'tis prodigious hard,  
To be from such a *right* debarr'd:  
Yet we (poor souls) can't have the freedom,  
To get good *men*, howe'er we need 'em:  
The *widows*, firs! the rankest *goats*  
That e'er polluted *petticoats*,  
Those *plagues*, more odious than small pox,  
Those *jades*, more subtil than a fox,  
Still cut us out, are still before us,  
And leave no lovers to adore us;  
Adore us! laud, 'tis ten times worse,  
Deuce take 'em—But we should not curse:  
For

For though our number is not small,  
 There's hardly one amongst us all,  
 Scarce one—'tis true, as G—'s in *Gloucester*,  
 Can get a youngster to accost her ;  
 No single creature e'er appear'd,  
 That wore but *breeches* and a *beard*,  
 But what they have him in a minute.  
 Well, certainly there's *witchcraft* in it,  
 And all the *devils* are but *pimps*,  
 To aid and succour these their *imps* :  
 For though by straining all our wits,  
 Kind looks, kind words, and fainting fits,  
 We've brought a *youngster* to the lure,  
 And think the *captive* now secure ;  
 When the *RING* glitters in our eye,  
 The *lawyer's* call'd, the *parson* nigh,  
 Up starts a *widow* in the way,  
 And disappoints us of the prey !  
 By some curst *hocus pocus* trick,  
 The lover leaves us in a nick ;  
 And, our confusion to confound,  
 Is led directly to *Lob's-pound*.  
 Besides, what makes it more provoking,  
 The *creatures* are for ever joking ;  
 Though they've a thousand times been told,  
 They need not be so pert and bold ;  
 That could we have the chance to try,  
 We would be *widows*, or know why.

Thank

Thank heaven, we want not will or breath,  
 To kifs or talk a spouse to death :  
 But when the spiteful troop upbraids  
 Us with the title of *old maids*,  
 (The greatest part of us, we mean)  
 You well may think it moves our spleen,  
 When we must suffer such disgraces,  
 Or, what is worse, display our faces ;  
 For though they're naturally so green,  
 They can't be judg'd above fifteen ;  
 For what is green, but what is young ?  
 Yet if the *widows* wag their tongue,  
 Till we afford e'm that conviction,  
 E'en let them wag *sans* contradiction.  
 But why *old maids*, for goodness sake ?  
 Could they no likelier scandal make ?  
 Since time is so much at our motion,  
 They could not think to spread the notion ;  
 In spite of registers and nurses,  
 Whose blunders earn our hearty curses.  
 Obsequious to a maiden's will,  
 Old *Time* turns backward, or stands still :  
 The truth from frequent facts appears.  
 Some have been twenty, twenty years ;  
 And some that reckon just a score,  
 Were thirty, ten years since, or more.  
 Need any body now be told  
 That single women can't grow old ?

We

We should despise their scurvy carriage,  
 Did we not despair of marriage,  
 Nor about men make all this fuss,  
 Were there enough for them and us ;  
 But 'tis the truth we represent t'ye,  
 Men are so scarce, and maids so plenty,  
 That were each man a maid to wed,  
 Not one in thirty would be sped :  
 Then while the widows interlope,  
 How can a maiden live in hope ?  
 But sure your *honours* will determine  
 Something against the greedy vermin ;  
 For if the creatures are allow'd  
 To be so wanton and so proud,  
 We neither can have health nor quiet,  
 On *assafætida* must diet,  
 Gnaw on the sheets, embrace the pillow,  
 Or cut a caper from a willow.

But lest your *honours* should surmise  
 That we (more passionate than wise)  
 Make against *widows* this invective,  
 When 'tis the *maids* that are defective,  
 We, under favour, come to shew,  
 That all that can be done, we do ;  
 We try each shift, turn ev'ry way,  
 Are never idle night or day,  
 Contriving or pursuing schemes,  
 Not more when waking than in dreams ;  
 In every moment, every place,  
 We're doing something with a grace ;

In

In curt's'ing, smiling, nodding, talking,  
 In laughing, singing, dancing, walking,  
 In romping, frowning, ogling, dressing,  
 And fifty things that want expressing.  
 At home, abroad, o'er snuff or tea,  
 We strive our talents to display ;  
 But sure the most becoming airs,  
 Are those one gives one's self at prayers ;  
 And therefore nothing can be fitter,  
 Than paying visits to St. Peter,\*  
 Which every maid more constant pays,  
 Than canons on refection days.  
 Ah, sirs ! 'twould do you good to hear  
 Our exquisite behaviour there !  
 Well ! sure the church is quite enchanting :  
 Good company—'tis never wanting :  
 The liturgy—why, one may venture,  
 Rath'r than look like a dissenter,  
 Or sit and keep one's eyes quite idle,  
 To read a bit towards the middle ;  
 The postures and the ordinances,  
 Quite suited to the ladies fancies ;  
 Then turning eastward to adore,  
 (When we have shown our charms before)  
 'Tis own'd, was mighty well design'd  
 To shew a body's shape behind ;  
 And then—so pure, to lie perdue,  
 With all the company in view ;

And

• The Cathedral Church of St. Peter, in Exon.



And modestly, behind a fan,  
Explore the prettiest gentleman!  
While, if his sight inspires a whim,  
We pray more frequently for him,

## MISTRESS STITCH IN CLOVER;

OR,

## HOB IN THE WELL.

A DELECTABLE TALE.

BY JOHN STEPHENSON HALL, ESQ.

A Taylor, Bodkin-stitch, in a few years,  
Grew rich, and is increasing still,  
By the nice conduct of his sheers,  
And skill in drawing up a bill;  
A bill, like any bill in Chancery,  
Or my Lord North's bill of Fine—ansery—  
His Budget like a gible-pie,  
Furnish'd with gizzards, hearts, and liver,  
Pinions, necks, feet, and blood for ever,  
And goose-cap heads that once look'd high,  
Twelve miles from York, or thereabout,  
Stitch bought a farm, he call'd Surtout.—  
His agent, every week that came,  
Was sure to send him a stout hare,  
Pigeons, and now and then some game,  
With rabbits, taken in a snare.

In

In fine, Stitch liv'd like any Lord,  
 Any Lord-Mayor, that draws long corks—  
 Turkeys and geese smok'd on his board,  
 Like geese upon his board of works.  
 Besides, his farm produced him clear  
 In cash two hundred pounds a year.  
 Robin, a farmer, was his factor ;  
 The Taylor would not part with Hob,  
 So good a factor and transactor,  
 For the best regimental job ;  
 Not to take measure of the King ;  
 Although, perhaps, by such an honour,  
 His wife, a proud disdainful thing,  
 Might not take quite so much upon her :  
 A Knight's third cousin, where's the wonder  
 If Bodkin truckled and knock'd under ?  
 Observe, that every Easter-Sunday,  
 Hob came to feast on Paschal-lamb,  
 And then return'd on Easter-Monday,  
 To Tansey-pudding and a ham.  
 The beds were full, when Robin came.  
 As harmless as his namesake bird,  
 Robin was forc'd to make a third,  
 And pig with Bodkin and his Dame.  
 Hob in his breeches went to bed,  
 And Mistress Stitch was in the middle,  
 Her face turn'd close to Bodkin's head,  
 To leather-breeches her bum-fiddle.

*Bodkin's*

*Bodkin's horn soon began to blow :*

Hob was awake, and she also.

On certain signals from behind,

Hob his mask'd battery disclos'd,

Summon'd the fort, which was resign'd,

Upon the terms that he propos'd.

They were oblig'd to take their leave

At last, for fear of a surprise,

Not without tears, you may believe ;

And sleep in earnest clos'd their eyes,

Recruited with a four-hours nap,

Hob gave her notice of his rising ;

First at the door he gave a tap,

And then a rap that was surprising :

As Madam Stitch, in the conclusion,

Receiv'd the *coup-de-grace*, and was ex-  
piring,

Bodkin was wak'd by a contusion,

Studied the point, and could not help ad-  
miring ;

And then put back his hand, and lo !

He found Hob in the well below.

Steal off, said Stitch, and quit your ground ;

'Tis well for you she sleeps so sound.

If my wife wakes, and finds you got,

Out of your road, into her quarters,

She'll scratch your eyes out, she's so hot,

And strangle you in her Bath garters.

Y

When

When I got there, said Hob, or how,  
 I know no more than you, I vow;  
 But in the well have got through thick and  
 thin—

Oft in my sleep I walk, they say,  
 And in my sleep must have walk'd in,  
 Said Hob; that must have been the way.  
 Hob vanish'd—Mrs. Stitch, soon after,  
 Furnish'd another scene for laughter;  
 She jogg'd her Spouse, and whisper'd low,  
 Is Robin up and gone, or no?  
 Bodkin replied, At break of day,  
 Two hours ago, he stole away.  
 I dream't, said she, and then awoke;  
 I thought 'twas you in such a cue,  
 I doubted whether it was you;  
 I thought you drove away like smoke!  
 I never felt so much delight,  
 Either in sleeping, or awake;  
 I was afraid 'twas some mistake.  
 What would I give to dream it every night!  
 I was surpris'd to find you grown  
 So lusty, and with so much bone,  
 And twice as strong, and stronger too,  
 Than when upon our wedding-sheets,  
 For all that I could say or do,  
 You robb'd me of my virgin sweets.

'Twas

'Twas but a dream, said Stitch, that's  
plain,

I'll try to make you dream again;

He did his best, and Morpheus seiz'd her  
soon:

Bodkin got up at nine; she slept till noon—

#### M O R A L.

The sex, said a Physician of the college,  
Like men, are either saints or sinners;

Like Eve, they long so much for knowlege,

They scarce have time to eat their dinners.

The difference between them and us,

Is this: the sex, both great and small,

All look as innocent as puffs,

The greatest hypocrite of all.

But men oft glory in their shame,

And take our wives for lawful game.

Put not your trust in leather breeches:

Whether your wife's behind you, or before,

They all can tell, they are such witches,

Whether you sleep, or only feign a snore.

She knows her time, she gives an intimation,

To Galligaskins; and if he's inclin'd,

He will accept of Madam's invitation,

Just as it suits, before you or behind.

In August 1735, the following singu'ar account of an execution appeared in the public prints. One Makkin, from the county of Armagh in Ireland, being convicted and condemned for cow-stealing at Cavan, gave public notice, the day before his execution, that it would be worth people's while to come ten miles to see him at the gallows, and to hear what he had to say; which occasioned a great resort of people. Upon his mounting the ladder, he turned to each hand, and viewing the gallows, said, *Ha! am I come to you at last?* And then turning to the people; *Pray, Ladies and Gentlemen, do not crowd one another; the farthest off shall hear as plain as the nearest.* Then he began: *Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been guilty of every crime, except that of murder.* Here he was interrupted by a person from the crowd: "Pray, Mr. Makkin, do you know any thing of my grey mare?" *Suppose I did,* says he, *will you pay for ore Mass for my soul?* "I will, by God," says the fellow, "for seven." *Promise me again,* said Makkin; which the other did, by repeating the same words. *Why then,* said he, laughing, *I know nothing at all of your mare.* Another advances; "Pray, Mr. Makkin, do you know any thing of my heifer?"

Yes

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Yes

Yes, my dear Darby, I do, said he. "Pray  
 "what is become of her?" I took her to  
 Middleton, my dear Darby; I knock'd her on  
 the head; I flayed her; I sold the skin: the  
 beef was very good; I sold it at a good rate,  
 and I put the money in my pocket. After this  
 he proceeded: Ladies and Gentlemen, as little  
 as you think, I stole half a dozen weathers near  
 this town, and drove them through the midst  
 of it. One from the crowd asked him whe-  
 ther any of the Bishop of Killmore's sheep  
 were among them. Yes, said he, and they  
 were the best mutton I ever handled. Then  
 he turned to the people: Pray, Ladies and  
 Gentlemen, are any of you acquainted with that  
 pretty Gentleman that oversees the building of  
 our new Gaol? One of them answered, "You  
 mean Mr. Leppington, I suppose." No, no,  
 a prettier fellow than he. "Mr. Boyle?" Ay,  
 ay, Mr. Boyle; pray present my humble ser-  
 vice to him, and tell him, I beg he will give  
 me this night's lodging; it is the last I shall  
 trouble him for. Then turning to the She-  
 riff, he said, Mr. Sheriff, will you give me  
 leave to step down, and piss? "No, Sir," said  
 he, "I cannot grant you that favour."  
 Well, said Makkin, I am sure of going to  
 Heaven, for the Priest gave me absolution  
 yesterday, and so farewell—pulling the cap  
 Y 3 over

over his face :—upon which he was turned off. The criminal's mother, above seventy years old, was present when her son was cut down : she went to Dr. Sheridan's house, to beg towards a winding-sheet for her son. Some persons there contributed among them as much as was proper on the occasion : it was delivered to the old woman by a young gentleman : she was so elated at her success, that, after giving her thanks and blessings, she said, *My poor Johnny always had good luck !*

Two ladies of fashion purchasing fal-lals at an haberdasher's in Bond-street, one of them asked the man who attended them, What the Opera of that evening was ?  
 “ Upon my word, ma'am,” said the he-she thing, “ I forget ; but I'll step next door, “ and bring you word in a minute.” When he returned, he delivered himself literally thus :—“ The Opera, mem, is—

“ *Belle Pifs in a Trice ;\**

“ And the Entertainment is—

“ *Feel Moll in the Garden.†*”

*Related by Lord Courtown.*

\* La Bella Pescatrice.

† La Fille Mal-Gardée.



A fellow stole some bark from the trees on the late Lord Stanhope's estate in Devonshire. On the report being made to his Lordship, with some fears of the robber's escaping, the witty Peer remarked very neatly, "O! never fear his detection, the *Dog* will be discovered by his *Bark*!—*Related by the present Lord Stanhope.*

A countryman stopped to admire the *Wax Figure* of a *Soldier*, which stands at the door of the Lyceum in the Strand; and his admiration seemed to rivet him to the spot. M. Tickell observing him, very coolly pulled him by the *nose*! "Eh! What's that for, mun?" "Why, faith, friend, "I beg your pardon, but I took *you* for a "companion to that *wax figure*." The countryman was so pleased with this explanation, that he burst into a horse-laugh, and went away highly pleased to think he had taken a *Londoner* in!—*From the Morning Herald.*

Lord M——n, in Ireland, not celebrated for his wit or wisdom, expressed himself thus in company: "When I say a *foolish thing*, I always burst into *laughter*." "I envy your happiness then, my Lord," said  
Lord

Townshend, "for you certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."—*Related by Lord Carhampton.*

*A Poem, indifferently written, entitled "The Honest Englishman's Wish," written many years ago, occasioned the following lines, which the majority of Hibernians will, I believe, think excellent.*

### THE HONEST IRISHMAN'S WISH.

An Englishman wish! what the Devil to do?

They have what they please, while they closely pursue

The trade of beef, wool, manufactures, and fishing;

And Ireland is left the whole trade of free-wishing.

As Ireland, though poor, is a kingdom to me,

From several follies I wish it was free;

The folly of wearing cloths, druggets, or kerseys,

Or any thing woollen imported o'er seas;

Whilst our own Irish wool, from the fleece or the comb,

Exported, might be manufactur'd at home.

The

The folly of bringing great folks to our  
table,

And treating above what we're decently  
able;

Though we know all the thanks we will  
get for our pains

Is, they'll still bleed us on, while a symp-  
tom remains.

The folly of raising up rents to a height,  
That the tenants must break, for the land-  
lord's delight ;

Whilst all his advantage will scarcely pro-  
cure

Twelve slacks of a night, or twelve nights  
of a w——.

The folly of pride, for we're always allow'd  
To be first proud of nothing, then proud of  
being proud.

Of brandy or wine I could wish to have  
none,

Whether genuine or brew'd, from the *Loire*  
or *Garonne*.

Were we but as wise as we're poor, I should  
think

Good beer, ale, and whisky, might serve  
us for drink.

To mend all these follies, I wish they would  
try;

And if they won't do't—let them perish,  
say I.

*Among the many good things worth rescuing from oblivion, the following is particularly distinguished. It is supposed to be written by BOB LLOYD; and, for pleasant chit-chat, it would be difficult to find any thing in the English language more entertaining.*

## CHIT-CHAT.

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. ΕΥΔΟΙ ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ, &c.

MRS. BROWN.

Is Mistress Scot at home, my dear?

SERVANT.

Ma'am, is it you? I'm glad you're here.  
My *Mistress*, though resolv'd to wait,  
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis so late.  
She fancy'd you would not come down,  
—But pray walk in—Ma'am, Mrs. Brown.

MRS. SCOT.

Your servant, Madam. Well, I swear  
I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.  
Pray, Ma'm, be seated.

MRS.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! my dear,

I vow I'm almost dead with fear.

There is such *scrouging* and such *squeeging*,  
The folks are all so disobliging;And then the waggons, carts, and drays,  
So clog up all these narrow ways,What with the bustle and the throng,  
I wonder how I got along.Besides, the walk is so *immense*—Not that I grudge a coach expence,  
But then it jumbles me to death,

—And I was always short of breath.

How can you live so far, my dear?

It's quite a journey to come here.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! Ma'am, I left it all to *him*:Husbands, you know, will have their  
whim.*He* took this house.—This house! this den.

—See but the temper of some men:

And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,

To live *quite out of all the world*.

Husband, indeed!

MRS. BROWN.

Hist! lower, pray.

The child hears every word you say.

See how he looks—

MRS.

MRS. SCOT.

*Jacky*, come here,  
There's a good boy ; look up, my dear.  
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.  
—Surely, he cannot find it out.

MRS. BROWN.

See how the urchin holds his hands.  
Upon my life, he understands.  
—There's a sweet child, come, kiss me,  
come :  
Will *Jacky* have a sugar-plum ?

MRS. SCOT.

This person, Madam (call him so,  
And then the child will never know),  
From house to house would ramble out,  
And every night a drunken bout.  
For at a tavern he will spend  
His twenty shillings with a friend.  
Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,  
With curious choice of dainty picking,  
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,  
With port and punch to wash 'em down,  
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton ;  
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.

MRS. BROWN.

My good man, too—Lord bless us!  
wives  
Are born to lead unhappy lives,  
Although

Although his profits bring him clear  
 Almost two hundred pounds a year,  
 Keeps me of cash so very bare,  
 That *I have not a gown to wear*;  
 Except my robe, and yellow sack,  
 And this old lute-string on my back.  
 —But we've no time, my dear, to waste:  
 Come, where's your cardinal? make haste.  
 The King, God bless his Majesty, I say,  
 Goes to the House of Lords to-day,  
 In a fine painted coach and eight,  
 And rides along all in his state.  
 And then the Queen —

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,  
 Great folks can always make a show.  
 But tell me, do—I've never seen  
 Her present Majesty, the Queen.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now.  
 Hark!—one—two—three—'tis *twelve*, I  
 VOW.

MRS. SCOT.

Kitty, my things—I'll soon have done—  
 It's time enough, you know, at *one*.  
 —Why, girl!—see how the creature  
 stands!  
 Some water, here, to wash my hands.

Z

—Be

—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!  
 —Look how the drawling dawdle creeps.  
 That basin, there—why don't you pour?  
 Go on—I say—stop, stop—no more—  
 Lud! I could beat the hussy down,  
 She's pour'd it all upon my gown.  
 —Bring me my ruffles—canst not mind?  
 And pin my handkerchief behind.  
 Sure thou hast awkwardness enough.  
 Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.  
 —Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is  
 done.  
 I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.  
 Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,  
 And bring me back the key yourself.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded silk becomes you much.  
 I wonder how you meet with such;  
 But you've a charmin' taste in drefs.  
 What might it cost you, Madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Guess.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impossible—for I  
 Am in the world the worst to buy.



MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard—  
 Five shillings, as I think, a yard.  
 —I was afraid it should be gone—  
 'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with success,  
 For it's a most delightful dress.  
 Besides, it fits you to a hair,  
 And then 'tis stop'd with such an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think so, *Kitty*, here,  
 Bring me my cardinal, my dear.  
*Jackey*, my love nay, don't you cry—  
 Take you abroad! — indeed not I;  
 For all the *bugaboos* to fright ye —  
 Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye.  
 With such a mob about the street,  
 Else me, they'll tread you under feet.  
 Whine as you please, I'll have no blame;  
 You'd better blubber, than be lame.  
 The more you cry, he less you'll —  
 —Come, come then, give mamma a kiss.  
*Kitty*, I say, here, take the boy,  
 And fetch him down the last new toy;  
 Make him as merry as you can.  
 —There, go to *Kitty*, there's a *man*.

Call in the dog, and shut the door.—  
Now, Ma'am.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh Lard!

MRS. SCOT.

Pray go before.

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

Madam, pray—

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!  
How shall we do to get along?  
What will become of us?—Look here,  
Here's all the King's horse guards, my dear.  
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,  
—Pray, Sir, take care—your horse will  
kick.

He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.  
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on.  
Why don't you see the guards are gone?

MRS.

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath?  
But I was almost fear'd to death.  
For when a horse rears up and capers,  
It always puts me in the vapours;  
For as I live—nay, don't you laugh—  
I'd rather see a toad by half:  
They kick and prance, and look so bold,  
It makes my very blood run cold.  
But let's go forward——come, be quick:  
The crowd again grows vastly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from Palace-yard, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crouded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his Majesty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, Old Lady, pray,  
To see him robe himself to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour:

Troy could not stand a siege for ever.  
By frequent trying, Troy was won.  
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs — well — she's  
gone —  
Shall we turn back, or venture on?  
Look how the folks press on before,  
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

*Perdigious!* I can hardly stand.—  
Lord bless me, Mrs. Brown, your hand;  
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,  
For we must stick as close as burrs;  
Or in this racket, noise, and pother,  
We certainly shall lose each other.  
— Good God! my cardinal and sack  
Are almost torn from off my back.  
Lard, I shall faint—Oh Lud—my breast—  
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.  
God bless me—I have dropp'd my fan.  
—Pray, did you see it, honest man?

MAN.

I, Madam! no:—indeed, I fear  
You'll meet with some misfortune here.

——Stand

—Stand back, I say — pray, Sir, forbear—

Why don't you see the ladies there?  
Put yourselves under my direction,  
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind, Sir; truly few  
Are half so complaisant as you.  
We shall be glad, at any day,  
This obligation to repay;  
And you'll be always sure to meet  
A welcome, Sir, in—Lard! the street  
Bears such a name, I can't tell how  
'To tell him where I live, I vow.  
— Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?  
Pray is the King a-coming, Sir?

MAN.

No—don't you hear the people shout?  
'Tis Mr. Pitt, just *going out*.

MRS. BROWN.

Aye, there he goes, pray heaven bless  
him!  
Well may the people all care for him.  
—Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,  
And drink success to honest Pitt;  
And, happy, o'er his evening cheer,  
Cry, you shall pledge this toast, my dear.

MAN.

MAN.

Hist!— Silence!— Don't you hear the drumming?

Now, Ladies, now, the King's a-coming.  
There, don't you see the guards approach?

MRS. BROWN.

Which is the King?

MRS. SCOT.

Which is the coach?

SCOTCHMAN.

Which is the noble Earl of Bute?  
Geud faith, I'll gi him a salute.  
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*;  
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man*.

MAN.

Here comes the coach, so very slow,  
As if it ne'er was made to go;  
In all the gingerbread of state,  
And staggering under its own weight.

MRS. SCOT.

Upon my word, it's *monstrous* fine!  
Would half the gold upon't were mine!  
How gaudy all the gilding shows!  
It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.

What

What a rich glare of various hues!  
 What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!  
 It must have cost a heavy price:  
 'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

MRS. BROWN.

So painted, gilded, and so large,  
 Bless me! 'tis like my Lord Mayor's barge.  
 And so it is—look how it reels!  
 'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

MAN.

Large! it can't pass St. James's Gate,  
 So big the coach, the arch so strait.  
 It might be made to rumble through,  
 And pass as other coaches do,  
 Could they a *body*-coachman get,  
 So most preposterously fit,  
 Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)  
 Without a *head* to drive the King.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what are those two ugly things  
 There—with their hands upon the springs?  
 Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,  
 With naked breasts, and faces swell'd!  
 What could the faucy maker mean,  
 To put such things to fright the Queen?

MAN,

MAN.

Oh! they are gods, Ma'am, which you  
see,  
Of the *Marine Society* ;  
*Tritons*, which in the ocean dwell,  
And only rise to blow their shell.

MRS. SCOT,

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?  
Why don't they go to sea again?  
Pray, tell me, Sir, you understand,  
What do these *Tritons* do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they, those hindmost things?  
Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales,  
wings?

MAN.

Oh, they are gods, too, like the others,  
All of one family, and brothers;  
Creatures which seldom come a-shore,  
Nor seen about the King before.  
For *show*, they wear the *yellow hue*;  
Their proper colour is *true-blue*.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?  
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!

How



How the folks holloa, his, and hoot!  
 Well—heaven preserve the Earl of Bute!  
 I cannot stay, indeed, not I:  
 If there's a riot, I shall die.  
 Let's make for any house we can.  
 Do—give us shelter, honest man.

MRS. BROWN.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear;  
 I thought I should have died with fear.  
 This noise and racketing and hurry  
 Has put my nerves in such a flurry!  
 I could not think where you was got,  
 I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot.  
 Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?  
 Lard! I'm so glad we're all got in.

---

In May 1738, one George Manly was executed at Wicklow in Ireland, for the murder of a Mr. Williams. When arrived at the tree, he requested silence, and then addressed the spectators in the following manner.

*My Friends,*

You assemble to see—What?—A man take a leap into the abyss of death. Look—and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leapt into the gulf.

gulf, to save his country from destruction.—What then will you see of me?—You say that no man without virtue can be courageous.—You see I am courageous.—You'll say, I have killed a man.—Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions:—Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history for great men.—But, I killed one solitary man.—Ay, that's the case—One solitary man—I am a little murderer, and must be hanged.—Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries—They were great men.—I run in debt with the ale-wife—I must be hanged.

Now, my friends, I have drawn a parallel between two of the greatest men that ever lived, and myself; but these were men of former days. Now I'll speak a word of some of the present days: How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine during the last war, for settling a King in Poland? Both sides could not be in the right; they are *great* men:—but I killed a solitary man; I'm a *little* fellow. The King of Spain takes our ships, plunders our merchants, kills and tortures our men; but what of all that? What he does is good; he's a great man! he's clothed in purple;  
his

his instruments of murder are bright and shining; mine was but a rusty gun—and so much for comparison. Now, I would fain know what authority there is in Scripture for a rich man to murder, to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole countries; and what law it is that condemns a poor man to death for killing a solitary man, or for stealing a solitary sheep, to feed his family. But bring the matter closer to our own country: What is the difference between running in a poor man's debt, and by the power of gold, or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right, and clapping a pistol to a man's breast, and taking from him his purse? Yet the one shall thereby obtain a coach, and honours, and titles, &c. The other—what?—A cart and a rope. From what I have said, my brethren, you may, perhaps, imagine I am hardened; but, believe me, I am fully convinced of my follies, and acknowledge the just judgment of God has overtaken me. I have no hopes but from the merits of my Redeemer, who, I hope, will have mercy on me, as he knows that murder was far from my heart, and what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked thereto by the deceased. Take warning, my dear comrades:

A a

Think!

Think ! O think !—what would I now give that I had lived another life ! God bless you all—Good bye, Paddy Conner, my dear old pot-companion : we'll sing no more duets at the Horse-Shoe and Magpie. Remember me to Judy and the little ones !

An unlucky mistake was made by a Bishop in Paris, in the year 1735. He wrote a letter to the young Duchess of C — n, and at the same time another to the Cardinal de Fleury. In his hurry he sent that for the Duchess to the Cardinal, in which he read as follows : “ I have just now wrote to his old Eminence, my charming Queen, to entreat his leave to return to Paris ; I make no doubt but he will grant it : as for the rest, the air is so pure here, that I have acquired so good a state of health, that I reckon I shall be able to give you most sensible proofs of it, when I come to have the happiness of seeing you.”

By return of the post, the Prelate was thunderstruck with the following answer :

“ His old Eminence advises you to extinguish your passion : His Majesty orders you to remain in your diocese til further orders ; and requires that your life and conversation

conversation may be as pure as the air you breathe; and that you make no other use of your good state of health, but to discharge the duties of your function."

*On the report of the Royal Family of France being taken, by the King's stopping to drink a bottle of Burgundy.*

"Sire," said the anxious Queen, "for God's sake, think

"What it may cost us, if you stop to drink."

—"Ma'am," quoth the King (and tost a bumper down),

"You know it cannot cost above a crown."

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*French Federation.*

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